THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 704 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 21

THE FLOWER'S ANSWER.

BY WM. KAUFFFELDER.

Poor, naked plant! well may you sadly mourn
Fair Summer's flight and loss of leaf and bloom;
Your slender stems are by the rude blast torn—
Would you with joy greet death thus mid your gloom?

But in this wise you seem to answer: "No,
I do not long to die nor needless sigh
For blossoms gone, nor Summer's kindly glow,
Since sun and bloom will come back bye and bye.

"These chilling blasts will soon lull me to sleep,
In lap of earth I'll rest till Winter's fled;
So while I've life I still a glad heart keep,
And calmly wait for brighter days ahead."

If man, brave plant, should bear like you he'd shun
Troubles untold and unrequited pain;
Through frowning clouds he'd see the smiling sun,
And mid black woe hear joy's advancing train.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

ESTRILD'S journey from Cornwall to London was a prolonged torture. Shut up within the cramped space of a close carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Vicat, compelled to hear their wrangling voices breaking in upon her troubled thoughts, forced to bear the odious contiguity of a man whose touch, whose tones, whose whole individuality was repulsive to her, and at times obliged to suffer his civilities and hypocritical solicitude for her comfort, her nerves were raped into fierce agony, and at last, on reaching Salisbury, they broke down, and she was seized with a strong hysterical attack.

This hindered her journey for some days, and it had the happy effect of ridding her of Mr. Vicat's presence. Growing impatient and angry at the delay, he hired a post-chaise on his own account, and left his wife to come on later with Estrild in the carriage.

"Mind, if that young Irish fortune-hunter follows us, I look to you to prevent an interview between him and my niece," he said to his wife at parting.

"How can he follow us if he is drowned, as you have been continually reiterating all along the road?" asked Mrs. Vicat.

"He is no more drowned than I am," her husband snarled, with vicious emphasis. "Haven't you seen that the girl has taken no notice of my assertions? She has had secret information of his safety for certain."

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Vicat.

"It is a pity for him that your gladness is of no importance either to him or to me," sneered Mr. Vicat.

And, buttoning himself up in a many-caped great-coat, he betook himself to his chaise, which presently rumbled off, leaving a pleasant echo in his wife's ears, that spoke of a few days of peace.

His departure was an instant relief to Estrild; the tension of her nerves ceased, and she rallied from the moment that the incubus of his presence was lifted from her mind.

In very truth, in the present state of her nerves, weakened by grief and terror, she had been unable to endure the antagonism which existed between her nature and his, and which chased through every vein, rousing her into constant battle. Relieved from the fire of this warfare, peace grew about her again and soothed her into the calm sleep which for so long had fled from her over-excited brain.

"She is better—much better," said the dapper little doctor who attended her, to Mrs. Vicat; "and you can take her for a walk to-morrow. Let her see the cathedral and be interested in it if she can; and, above all, don't let her be worried about anything. She has had some great trouble, you tell me—well, don't let her have any little ones if you can help it. She is doing very well now. I only wish my other patient was getting on as nicely."

"Have you another patient in the hotel, doctor?" asked Mrs. Vicat, with a dull curiosity.

"Yes; and he, too, has had a great trouble—an only son drowned, gone down in a ship which perished the other day with all her crew. Poor man, he is half mad with grief; nothing soothes him but music, and that I can't give him. Ah, there are many Sauls in this world, but few Davids! My dear lady, we doctors are obliged to praise drugs, but there are times when I feel inclined to cry with Macbeth, 'Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none on't!'"

"Macbeth," repeated Mrs. Vicat, pondering. "Oh, yes, I remember—that's Mr. Kemble! I saw him once, and was rather frightened. Mr. Vicat has not let me go to the play since."

The brisk little doctor stared at her for a few seconds and a smile came into his eyes.

"Quite right not to go if you are frightened; there is no pleasure in fright. Ah, here comes the mail!" he cried, as the horn rang out merrily in the street. "I wish it was bringing good news to my poor patient. Well, good-bye! I'll call again to-morrow."

He hurried off, and Mrs. Vicat went up to Estrild's room with vague ideas respecting Saul and Macbeth and the unknown sick man who wanted to give his physic to his dog.

"I wonder if you could sing to him, my dear?" she said to Estrild who was lying on a sofa not far from the window.

Being used now to Mrs. Vicat's ways, this question caused her no surprise, so she only said quietly:

"Of whom are you thinking, aunt?"

"Of Saul, my dear—I mean the poor gentleman who is ill here. He is always craving for music, the doctor says; and he throws his medicine to his dog."

"Is he a little mad?" asked Estrild, with a slight fear springing into her eyes.

"No, my love—only trouble like yourself. His only son is drowned—went down in some ship a little while ago."

"Was it the 'Alert'?" cried Estrild, instantly springing upright. "Go directly—go at once, aunt, I entreat you—and find out for me if it was the 'Alert'."

"My dear, I can't go into a strange man's room and ask——"

But here Mrs. Vicat stayed her speech, for Estrild, pale as death, was gazing out the window with eyes brimful of sudden tears. In starting to her feet the mail-coach, now standing in front of the hotel, had become visible to her, and she saw Harold descending from the box-seat.

It was a surprise as full of pain as of joy. She had known that he was safe by a sure word brought to her before she left Langarth, and she had schooled herself to leave without seeing him, deeming it best for both.

And now he was here, close by—within reach of her eyes, her hand, her voice! One word spoken, and she could call him to her side, and sorrow and terror would be forgotten within the circle of his strong arms.

Oh, to rush forward to the joy of his loving clasp and, full of that bliss, feel the earth once more light beneath her feet and the air warm and sunny about her! But it was not to be; the short-lived happiness would only make her life-long woe the more bitter. Could the momentary joy appease the weary longings of the heart in the dull, aching years to come? Oh, no, no; it would be but as a slow fire wasting it!

"Harold, my love, my love, I will spare you this misery!" she cried inwardly, as, crouching low on the sofa, as if to hide from his gaze, she yet strained her eyes with fixed yearning upon the window.

"What is there out there to alarm you?" cried Mrs. Vicat. "The mail is only changing horses, and the passengers have gone in to dine. What are you so frightened about?"

"I am not frightened—I am not ill," the girl said hurriedly. "How long does the coach wait here? Can you tell me that?"

"Why, just half an hour, my dear. And short enough time, too, for the passengers to bolt their dinner in!"

Thirty minutes of agony! How should she bear it? Thirty minutes to be within reach of his voice, within the touch of his warm hand, and yet to refuse both—thirty minutes of great possibilities of intense happiness, and then the black impossibility of it, and the seeing him be driven away, departing out of her life for ever!

Thirty minutes? Why, ten of them were gone already!—and dragging her watch from her belt, she fixed her eyes on it in a sort of terror; and then, falling upon her knees by the window, she leaned upon the sill and kept watch upon the coach, as though holding it back by the cords of her strained heart!

Meanwhile Harold, unconscious of her being so near him, had entered the dining-room, and, in compliment to the box-seat, found a place reserved for him next to the landlord—who, unlike landlords in general, was a thin, nervous man with an anxious face.

"Yes, sir," he was saying to the passenger on his left hand, "I remember your traveling down on the night I lost my bay mare."

"Well, and have you recovered her and found the thief?"

"Oh, I've got the mare again! It wasn't a thief who took her—it was a gentleman who—who was very hurried, I suppose, since he took the mare on French leave. However, he paid me well, so I've no cause to complain."

"And so there was no mystery about the business at all?"

The landlord did not appear to hear this question, but turned to Harold, who had eagerly addressed him.

"Since you were paid for the horse, you will, of course, know the name of the gentleman who rode her."

"No, I don't," said the landlord doggedly.

"But how did the money come to you, then?"

The landlord grew uneasy, and asked several people if they wanted gravy. This business over, Harold repeated his question in a lower voice.

"Well, as my wife says, it isn't of much use to ask questions over good gold. But certainly the money came in a queer way. I found the packet of guineas, sir, on the table early in the morning."

He lowered his tone to a whisper in saying this, and glanced round him with a scared look.

"The horses are being put to, gentlemen," said the guard's voice at that moment.

"The bay mare will be one of the team to-day, sir," continued the landlord. "She's all right now, but she was terrible done up, to be sure, when she came back to me from the Yeovil stable where that queer rider had left her."

"And where he took another horse, I suppose?" observed the gentleman on the left.

"It is very odd, but this is the third or fourth time in my journey up from Exeter that I have heard of this eccentric traveller and the queer way in which he chooses to pay for his misdeeds."

"The same thing has happened to me, in my long journey from Cornwall," Harold said; "but this is the first time I have heard of the money being found on the table. In the other cases it was in the saddle pocket, or some child brought it, who could give but an imperfect account of the person from whom he received it."

"The coach waits, gentlemen! The inside passengers are already seated?" said a hostler, appearing suddenly at the inner door.

The two or three men who had remained at the table rose instantly, and rushed off to secure their seats. Harold alone lingered. A strange desire had seized upon him to renounce his place, give up his journey, and remain where he was.

A strong feeling had rushed upon him that he should find here a solution to the mystery that was wrecking his life. There was a voice within him calling upon him to stay, or to repent for years if he would not listen; there was an indefinable longing at his heart to remain.

The electricity of Estrild's near presence was around him, holding his feet by invisible chains.

For an instant or two he stood irresolute, instinct and reason waging a fierce war within him. The hostler's voice called upon him, in hurried accents, to be quick, the guard's horn sounded a note of warning, the landlord's hand urged him gently towards the door.

All these were the coarse, visible adjuncts of reason; and they prevailed over the subtler, truer sense which had neither hand nor voice, but which yet protested in every nerve, as, with unwilling feet, he pushed his way through the little crowd at the inn door and mounted hurriedly to his seat on the box.

The guard drew a sounding blast from his horn, the coachman held his whip aloft with a flourish, the team dashed off, and his Majesty's mail had started on the road to London.

Then a window was dashed open and a wild cry of pain went out to the unheeding wind.

"Harold—Harold! Oh, my God, he is gone! It is too late!"

The despairing cry rang through Mrs. Vicat's kind heart and dull brain. She lifted Estrild from the floor, to which she had fallen, and laid her on the sofa.

"Was Mr. Oliver on the coach, my dear? Well, well, cheer up—it is all for the best that he is gone! I could not have let you see him, you know, because Mr. Vicat gave me strict orders that you were not to meet; and I should not have dared to disobey him. I am sure it was very good of you, my love, to avoid an interview with Mr. Oliver for my sake. I shall not forget it soon."

And Mrs. Vicat stooped and kissed the pale cheek of the girl, whose anguish, being past the relief of words, was borne in silence.

So perhaps this was the light in which Harold would regard her conduct! He would be told that she had sacrificed him in obedience to Mr. Vicat's commands, and in consideration of his wife's dull peace.

Oh, it was bitter! And she had done foolishly in letting him go without a word! Might they not even speak to each other? Might they not love a little longer before parting for ever? And, turning her face from the light, Estrild wept bitter and remorseful tears.

* * * * * *

Postage in those days was so heavy that it was looked upon as a meritorious act to

cheat the Post-Office in any possible way. Travellers carried bundles of letters in their pockets or portmanteaus to distant friends, and members of Parliament availed themselves to the full extent of the privilege of franking, which then prevailed.

It was, therefore, under quite a conscientious sense of duty that Harold, during the few hours of his stay in Cornwall, abstained from posting the letters delivered to him by the officer from the "Atalanta," preferring in all kindness to take them with him to London, and thus spare the receivers their expensive postage.

They nearly all bore London addresses; and Harold thought it would not cost him much trouble to deliver some himself and intrust the others to the twopenny post, as the cheaper metropolitan branch was then named.

Looking them over late on the evening of his arrival at his chambers, he was shocked to find, on untying the string which bound the bundle together, that one of them was addressed to Mrs. Armstrong. He could not see how he had overlooked this letter on first examining them; and he stood now with it in his hand, wondering if it would be possible to deliver it to her that night.

A flush of painful vexation rose on his face as he reflected on the time lost, and felt that he had acted wrongly in not at once forwarding by mail a letter so momentous.

Perhaps it broke gently to her the tidings of the wreck of her husband's ship, with the dire result of his death and loss of all the crew; now in all likelihood the blow had fallen on her roughly in the words of some newspaper paragraph.

Hot with a sort of angry grief at this thought, Harold thrust on his hat, caught up all the remaining letters, and ran into the street in search of a coach.

"Stop at the first post-office!" he cried to the driver of the lumbering machine into which he got hastily.

"I'll not wait till to-morrow to deliver these!" he said to himself, as he posted every letter except the one to Mrs. Armstrong, thus in the revulsion of his feeling gladly relieving himself of his postal responsibility.

At Mrs. Armstrong's, on asking for her, he was told that she was ill, stricken down by the dreadful news that had reached her.

"I have a letter for her," said Harold, hesitating and sorrowful. "Is there no one I can see to whom I can explain how it reached my hands?"

Yes; the servant thought he could see Miss Armstrong.

So he entered and waited in the half-lighted dining-room, where a fire, just dying out, only added to the gloom which seemed to pervade the house.

"I hear you have a letter for my mother?" said a young voice; and turning quickly, Harold saw a child-girl of apparently about thirteen, whose eyes and face were disfigured by weeping.

Harold told his story rapidly, relating how the fact of his being kept ten days at sea had delayed the delivery of the letter. He spoke only of his meeting with the "Atalanta," naturally abstaining from any mention of Captain Armstrong or his own chase of the "Alert" or subsequent search in the French ports for the man whom he imagined had been landed before the wrecking of his ship.

The girl listened intently, and then begged him to wait till she had carried the letter to her mother, and could return to him with any message she might have to give him.

CHAPTER XXI.

LEFT alone, Harold sank into a chair by the fire, while his thoughts naturally recurred to the terrible scene of the wreck of the "Alert" and the death of the man by whose hearth he was now sitting.

Like a vision the whole scene rose before him, till the room seemed filled with the surge of the sea, and Captain Armstrong's face rose from out its heaving darkness.

"I wish I had not come to this house!" Harold said within himself. "It was an officious, foolish, impulsive act! Everything has gone wrong with me since I left Salisbury. I am out of tune. I want sleep, I suppose. Two nights on the top of a coach unstring a man's nerves."

The door opened, a light flashed inwards and Harold started, for Captain Armstrong's face was indeed present, looking down on him from the wall. He gazed at the portrait for an instant with feelings of strange irritation.

"Would to heaven the man were alive," he thought. "I would grapple with him this instant, and tear the secret of Tristram's death from his throat."

"My mother wishes earnestly to see you," said Miss Armstrong. "Will you kindly follow me?"

Her voice had broken in upon his reverie like the jar of a discord, and again he felt that all his feelings were at war with the position in which he had placed himself.

"I trust Mrs. Armstrong will excuse me," he said constrainedly. "As a stranger I would rather not intrude on her."

"Oh, do not call yourself a stranger!" cried the young girl, seizing his hand suddenly and pressing it against her lips. "We know the truth now; we know you nearly lost your life in striving to save my father's!"

Harold's heart gave a great bound—it was full of repulsion and anger—and he flushed hotly at the thought of receiving thanks for his endeavor to save a man whom secretly he was hating and condemning for shielding an assassin.

But the impossibility of letting his feelings appear to the man's wife or daughter and the fear of seeming hard and ungracious to them in their grief forced him to accept the situation silently.

"You will come to mamma?" continued the girl, in her sweet entreating voice; and Harold yielded to the prayer.

In the glare of light in the hall, where he saw her face distinctly, he could not help noting a great change in it from its first aspect of dead dull grief. Her eyes now were bright and shining, her cheeks flushed—she seemed transfigured as by some electric touch of hope and life.

Dimly wondering if gratitude to him could be the cause of this change, Harold followed her up the staircase to a room where a pale lady rose from an arm-chair to receive him.

She caught both his hands in hers and held them tightly, but could not utter a word. Her lips moved, but only to quiver with unspoken pain; anguish was written in every line of her deadly white face. Inexpressibly touched, Harold held both her hands still when she would have relinquished his—otherwise she would have fallen—and, gently replacing her in her chair, he waited in silence till she could speak.

"You have bound Mary and me to you forever," she said at last brokenly. "It is not your fault that he is not alive himself to thank you. I know you nearly died to save him."

"I deserve no thanks," returned Harold hurriedly. "I would willingly have given half of my life to save any one who was on board the 'Alert.' I had reasons——"

But here he stopped, for Mary Armstrong's eyes met his, and the expression in them startled him not only into silence, but into the consciousness that she knew his thought. A burning color covered her face as she withdrew her eyes, but not before they had uttered a prayer to which he listened.

"She knows something of which her mother is ignorant," he said to himself. "Can it be the fact of Tristram's death, and the way in which he met it? No, that last is impossible, for the 'Alert' was at sea from the hour he was slain till it went down into the deep with its secret untold."

"Ah, do not search for reasons why I should not feel grateful!" said Mrs. Armstrong, as her voice grew stronger. "It soothes me to think there was a good brave man willing to risk his life for a man as brave and good as himself."

"His only reason is that he hates thanks—like all men who do a worthy deed," said Mary Armstrong abruptly. "Now, dear mother, tell Mr. Olver why you wished to see him."

For an instant Harold felt surprised at her knowledge of his name, then he remembered that he had given his card to the servant, and his mind dwelt only on the adroitness of her speech.

She had changed the current of her mother's thoughts and given a reason for his own words which drew her mind safely away from the truth which, in his haste, he had half uttered.

"My dear, you are right," said Mrs. Armstrong to her daughter; "Mr. Olver knows what I feel, and I will not trouble him with further words. In the hurried letter written to me on board the 'Atalanta'," she continued, turning to Harold, "I am told that many letters were entrusted to your care. One of them is addressed to a dear friend of mine—in fact, a cousin. Will you then let me look over them and take charge of that one? I have urgent reasons for wishing to take him that letter myself, as I wish to break the news to him which it contains."

"I am truly sorry that I cannot oblige you," Harold answered, with a vexed air. "I no longer have the letters in my possession. I posted them all just before I came here."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, clasping her hands together, as her face flushed painfully. "Can nothing be done now to get the letter back?"

Harold did not reply to this unreasoning question; it added another jar to his unstrung nerves; he was out of sympathy with his situation, and every note struck was a discord.

"Of course I was wrong there, too," he said to himself, with exasperation. "I should have let the letters wait. A day's delay could have been of no consequence, with the loss of the 'Alert' known all over the kingdom."

"Nothing can be done, mother; we must have patience and hope for the best."

Mary leaned over her mother's chair in saying this, and spoke so low that her voice sank almost to a whisper.

And now Harold rose to go, feeling a sudden accession to the strength of the discordance within him, and longing to escape from the voices and the hands that played so ill upon his nerves.

"I wish I could have obliged you," he said hurriedly. "I am sorry for my haste, since by some means it increases your trouble. But, I assure you, in posting the letters just now, my only feeling was regret for not having discharged that duty the moment I landed in Cornwall."

Mrs. Armstrong gazed up at him with face grown pale, now that the flush was gone, and she took his outstretched hand with tears in her sad eyes and clasped it again tightly with both hers.

"You are right—quite right! All you have done is right and true and brave. I know you do not like thanks—I will not weary you with them; but yours were the last eyes that looked on my husband's living face, yours were the hands stretched out in deadly peril to yourself to save him. I cannot forget this—I can never forget it! If ever, in the time to come, you should need a friend true as a mother, promise me you will think of me, and come to me."

"I trust I shall never trouble you with any grief of mine," Harold answered; "but if ever a time should come in which I feel you can help me, I will not forget your wish."

While her small feverish hands were clinging to his, and her grief-worn eyes were fixed appealingly on him, he could not have answered in any other way, yet his promise rubbed against the grain of his mind, and he turned away with soreness at his heart.

"You will be faithful to your word, I know," said Mrs. Armstrong, as she relinquished his hands. "I leave London to-morrow; but on my return I hope we shall meet again."

"I hope not," was the echo in Harold's mind, as he descended the stairs, not perceiving that Mary Armstrong had preceded him till he saw her standing at the door of the dining-room.

She beckoned him to enter, and then closed the door with a light, quick hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

"MR. OLVER, you are vexed with me—you are angry with us all, even with my poor dead father," said Mary Armstrong, in accents that touched both his heart and conscience.

"I assure you——" he began hurriedly.

"Oh, do sit down and listen to me!" she interposed, leading him submissively to a seat. "I know what you think; you imagine that he is to blame for an accident in which he had no share, but which, as sure as we two are alive to speak of it, was the real cause of his own death."

"I know you speak truly there," Harold replied, in a pained voice. "I am aware that he perished in his attempt to save a guilty person from justice."

"No, no—not guilty!" she cried, with eager passion. "As innocent as you or I of that unhappy death!"

"Have you any reason for your words?" asked Harold; and, unconsciously to himself, his tone grew hard.

The girl shrank back at this, resting one hand on the table for support.

"Reasons? Oh, a thousand; but I cannot tell them to you! They are in my heart and in my veins. You must know and feel all I know to understand them. One reason I can give you—my father was not the man to shield an assassin; he was too honest, too brave to shirk a duty, however painful. There is his face looking down on us;" and she flung out her hand with sudden energy towards his portrait. "Look at it, and say if it is not the face of a true gentleman!"

"Doubtless a gentleman and a brave man," returned Harold soothingly, to the excited girl, "but a mistaken one. And perhaps, Miss Armstrong, it is well for him and for me that the slayer of my friend is gone down into the depths of the sea, for, if he had escaped drowning he should not have escaped my hand. I would have hunted him down if he took refuge in the uttermost parts of the earth."

The moment he had spoken Harold felt sorry for his vehemence before a girl who was a mere child, and her terror-stricken eyes, as she gazed into his face, haunted him for many a day afterwards in memory.

"Pray excuse me!" he said, with eagerness. "I am wrong to trouble you with my indignation at such a time as this. But you cannot dream of all the dire consequences that have arisen for myself and others from my friend's cruel death."

Mary Armstrong pressed her dry lips together, as if forcing them to cease quivering, before she spoke.

"I know he has a sister. I hope she will live long and be happy."

"How can you know anything of Miss Carbonellis?" asked Harold, fiercely, almost.

"I wanted to tell you that we had heard of her—I wanted to tell you how we came to know that you nearly lost your life in trying to rescue my father. Oh, we have heard all that you did! I will not be angry with you, though you are so angry with me. My mother had a letter from an officer this morning; he told us all the story. He heard it from Daniel Pascoe."

"And how did the officer come to write to you?" asked Harold, in some amazement.

"I will tell you. When the report that the 'Alert' was wrecked reached us, we did not believe it. At the Admiralty nothing was known, so mother wrote to the Coast-guard-station at Langarth, and the officer there replied that the report was too true, and he enclosed an account of the wreck, related by a man who was an eye-witness of it. That man was Daniel Pascoe."

"It was wrong of Daniel to mention me," observed Harold.

"Oh, no—he knew we should be thankful to him. He felt we should like to hear all the details, even though they wrung our hearts; and, above everything, it was fair and right, the officer said, that we should hear of your gallant deed."

Harold for a moment kept a vexed silence, while his gaze rested curiously on the slight girl whose demeanor showed so strange a mixture of timidity and determination.

"You can understand now," she continued, "why my mother wished to see you on knowing your name. And she was anxious to ask about the letters too," she added, with a quick breath.

"Why have you troubled yourself to all this?" asked Harold. "I shall hear it later from Daniel, when no doubt he will apologize to me for his officiousness."

"Now you are angry with him too! Oh, what can I do to make you sorry for us—to make you hate us a little less?" cried this strange girl, her large gray eyes dilating as with fear, and her white face flushing a pale pink.

"Miss Armstrong," exclaimed Harold, "you really have no right to suppose me so full of ill-feeling towards you!"

"No," she answered pitifully. "Oh, Mr. Olver, I am so dreadfully afraid of your hatred!"

"You have nothing to fear from it, even if it existed," said Harold half smiling. "I am not likely to make myself a formidable enemy to you, Miss Armstrong."

As he said this he looked at the pale, delicate, slight child, with her big, imploring eyes, much with the same look he might have for a butterfly or a small bird in his grasp.

"Oh, but I want you so much to like me, and to be sorry for my mother; and I can feel you dislike us!" she said clasping her hands in piteous entreaty.

"Well and if I did," said Harold, smiling outright now, "surely it would not hurt you very much?"

"Not hurt me? Why it might kill me!" said the girl earnestly. "If you hated me you would not mind doing things that kill one."

"Take my assurance, then, that I don't hate you; and I should as soon think of harming a fly as of hurting a child like you."

"But I am not a child," she said, with a sudden vivid blush; "I am nearly seventeen."

Harold looked at her in surprise. Nearly seventeen, that small, frail creature who

in his eyes scarcely seemed more than twelve! He could not believe her, and he smiled into her great gray eyes incredulously."

"You are a very young seventeen," he said. "Nevertheless I will take your word for the fact, and hope you will take mine that I mean you no harm in the world. Are you satisfied?"

"No, not quite," she said, drawing back from his outstretched hand. "I wish you would say you like me, and will think of me sometimes when you are far away, and say to yourself, 'I won't do this,' or 'I can't do that, because it would kill that poor little Mary Armstrong.'"

"I could not possibly say all that," returned Harold gravely, "unless you sat upon my knee while I was making my little speech."

She looked up at him with the strangest light in her great pathetic eyes. Was it reproach, was it the sheen of tears, or was it mere childishness that he saw in them? At all events she came towards him, where he sat in an arm-chair by the dead fire, and with simplest bravest frankness put her small thin hand in his.

"I will sit upon your knee," she said, "if you will like me better for it, and if you will say those words and remember them when the sea rolls between us, when the memory of them will keep you from doing some cruel thing that would hurt me."

"So you will persist in thinking I am an ogre?" returned Harold in an amused tone. "Hurt you, child? It would be impossible; no man could hurt you. Why, the shadow of a blow would crush you, a cruel word would break you down."

He said this as he put one arm around her and set her upon his knee. He still held her hand; it felt like a tiny soft bird in his grasp—a bird with a trembling heart, palpitating in every vein.

"I am glad to hear you say that; think so always, then I shall be safe. Now, do you like me better? And will you promise me all I asked?"

She said this in an eager childish way and with her eyes so fixed on his that for a moment they held Harold's as by chains of vivid light.

"Not yet," he said. "I think you ought to give me a kiss first."

She took this suggestion as a child of six years old would, with the utmost calm gravity.

"I would rather not, thank you," she said; "but, if you insist—if you will not give me your promise without it——"

And, heaving a little sigh, she looked at him with such a piteous expression on her small white face that Harold could not forbear smiling.

"I will excuse you the kiss," he answered; "and I promise you that, if seas and mountains and all the dreary plains of the earth stretch between us, I will still remember little Mary Armstrong, and never put even the shadow of my finger to any act or deed that could do her harm."

A gleam of intense happiness shot into the big gray eyes, still so entreatingly holding his in their gaze, and all her face grew glorified with joy.

"I am content now, and I will never be afraid of you any more," she said, putting one small soft arm around his neck with the unconscious confidence of a child.

"So you confess you have been afraid of me, and the hatred was on your side, not mine?"

"No, no, not hatred!" she cried eagerly; "and you must not think it was dislike that made me refuse to kiss you, for I like you very much—I do indeed."

"Then what was it?" asked Harold; and involuntarily his arm pressed her more tightly, and bending forward, his face touched hers.

She drew back instantly with a surprised look in her eyes, but there was no blush on her cheek or quaver in her voice.

"It was because I promised before the 'Alert' sailed that I would not kiss any man."

"Your father was very wise to make you give such a promise; but sitting on a man's knee is worse than kissing," said Harold, with assumed gravity.

"Is it?" she asked anxiously. "Then let me go please, will you?" and, starting up, she moved to a little distance timidly, as if deprecating his anger.

"Now you are disliking me," said Harold, detaining her with one hand.

"No, no; I have said the truth. I like you very much, and I can understand that the lady you love must love you very dearly."

"The lady I love!"—and the laughter in Harold's eyes change to pure amazement. "That's Daniel's officiousness again, I presume. I perceived by what you said to me respecting the accident—so called—on board the 'Alert,' that he had mentioned the sad death of my friend, but I did not suppose——"

"Oh, don't be angry! He meant no harm," interposed Mary Armstrong, with that intensity again in her voice which made it so pathetic. "And we are so thankful to him; but for him we should have known nothing of what you had done for us."

"Did he mention, too, why I hired his boat, and why I was at sea?" asked Harold, resuming somewhat of his old hard tone towards her.

Her face flushed now and her lips trembled.

"I thought you would not be unkind again," she said piteously. "You were so good to me only a minute ago!"

"I am really not unkind; but I should like an answer to my question," returned Harold.

"And you won't hate me if I say 'Yes'?" she answered, clasping both her hands together.

"Certainly not. How can you help what Daniel Pascoe chose to say?"

"Then, yes; he said you went in pursuit of my father's ship."

"And did he tell for what purpose?"

"Yes."

Her voice was so faint and low that he scarcely caught the word, bu the saw that she was deadly pale, and her eyes, dilated with terror, looked past him, as if beholding some appalling sight.

"There is nothing here to alarm you," he said soothingly. "And I am sorry Daniel has given you a history which can only distress you."

"I have not told my mother. I am bearing it all myself," she said, letting her hands fall with a shiver.

"By yourself!" exclaimed Harold pitifully. "Then this is the meaning of your imploring look when I was about to speak to your mother of my reason for willingly risking my life to save any man from the 'Alert'?"

"Yes; I thought you understood that; and my mother must never know anything of this story."

"I shall not tell her," said Harold. "But perhaps she saw an account of the inquest in the papers, if Cornish events travel so far."

"I kept the paper from her. The 'Alert' was mentioned in it, you know, with the rumor that she was lost."

Harold glanced at the girl with renewed curiosity; the mixture of womanhood and childhood in her perplexed him—at one moment sitting on his knee like a mere baby, at another showing him that she had foresight and caution beyond the powers of many women.

"But it was not for that only that I burnt the papers and have erased so much of the officer's letter she continued. "It was to spare mother worse grief; she would think it so wicked to—to—to kill your friend, I mean."

"And was it not wicked?" said Harold, in amazement.

"No," she said determinedly. "An act that could not be helped is not wicked. You are stronger than I am, and, if you were to force me to do something that I hated and abhorred, it would be cruel to call me wicked for it."

"Perhaps it would; but I cannot imagine such a thing happening. And an accident—if it was an accident that took my friend's life—would not occur in that shape."

She was silent, but beneath the pale shell-like clearness of her skin the blood mantled feverishly, and her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"But it was no accident," continued Harold, breaking into vehemence again; "and it is well for the man who fired that cruel shot that he is drowned, for, if he still lived——"

"Would you kill him?" she exclaimed.

"We don't kill criminals," said Harold. "We hand them over to justice."

"Which kills more slowly and cruelly," said the girl, in a bitter tone. "Oh, Mr. Oliver I wish you had more merciful thoughts. Surely to believe what my father told you would be a happier feeling."

"Not for me," interrupted Harold impatiently. "To believe in such accidents would destroy every hope of happiness that I possess. There, there, child," he added quickly, as if pitying the grief and whiteness of her looks; "I cannot explain to you what I mean. It is a matter of feeling, not of reason or of argument."

"I understand you," she said slowly; "and my belief, if true, destroys you, and your belief, if proved, would kill me. Oh, we must be enemies—we must hate each other—you will not keep your promise?"

"My dear child I assure you I will keep it," said Harold soothingly, as with gentle force he took down her hands from the small face they covered. "And I make you a new promise—if ever you and I should come into antagonism through this strange affair, then I will respect your father's memory. I will not throw a shadow over his name. Now are you comforted?"

"A little; but I like your first promise best—that happen what may, you will remember little Mary Armstrong, and never do her harm."

"Then take my first promise again," said Harold, holding her within the ring of his arm, and feeling the beating of a great child-heart against his side.

"Write it down for me," she pleaded, "and I will put the slip of paper into my locket with my father's portrait, and wear it always."

"You are a strange girl," said Harold. "I think when you grow up you will be a dangerous little woman. You will get your own way with any man."

She saw that this meant yielding; so in a moment pen, ink and paper were before him, and his own words were dictated to him in a soft sweet voice, and with a clear memory that surprised and amused him.

She blotted the paper, deliberately folded and placed it in her locket, and then held out both her hands to Harold.

"Let us say good-bye while we are friends. If it were not for my promise I would kiss you a good-bye—I would indeed; but will you take this instead, and as a remembrance of me?"

It was the pen with which he had written, a gold one, prettily embellished with turquoise; and, closing it, she placed it in his hand.

"I cannot take this," said Harold hesitatingly.

"It is my own, I assure you, and I have a perfect right to give it away. If I kept it, I should never use it again; it is sacred—it is dedicated to you."

"Then it may as well be mine outright," returned Harold gaily; "and I will take great care of it for your sake. Good-bye, little Mary!"

He held both her tiny hands in one of his, and looked at her with odd feelings stirring in his veins. She was such a queer mixture of child and woman that his thoughts of her were continually on the swing, and as they swayed, so he treated her.

At that moment he had a quick desire to treat her as a little child—catch her up in his arms to the level of his lips, kiss her, and set her down again. But, as his eyes fell upon the small, wistful, white face upturned to his in such calm gravity, the desire fled with something of the darkness and swiftness of a bat in it, and, relinquishing her hands with an earnest pressure, he said one more good-bye and then hurried away.

As he flung himself into the lumbering coach that he had kept waiting so long, he was conscious that his irritated feelings had been soothed away, and all the antagonism which had heated his veins as he entered the house which he was now leaving, was calmed into peace.

"Well she's a queer little thing," he observed to himself; "and—and I don't think I shall tell Estrild anything about her."

Then he gave Mr. Vicat's address to the coachman, and the old vehicle which he drove lumbered on through the dim streets till it had reached that worthy gentleman's door.

Harold looked at the house with an angry eye. The whole front was dark from attic to basement.

"Knock loudly!" he called to the coachman.

The fumbling old man obeyed; and, after many loud wraps had waked up the echoes and brought a watchman out of his box, a sleepy servant came to the door.

"Master is gone to the play," she said sulkily, as if anxious at once to get rid of such untimely visitors.

"I have come only to inquire for Miss Carbonelli's. And will you kindly give her this note?"

"She ain't here," said the servant.

"Not here!" exclaimed Harold with consternation. "Then will you ask Mrs. Vicat if she will kindly see me for a moment?"

"She ain't here neither," said the servant, as she endeavored to close the door.

"Stay a moment!" and Harold dropped a coin in her hand as he asked: "Can you tell me where Mrs. Vicat is?"

"Yes; she's down at Salisbury with the young lady you h'ast for, who was took ill there."

Bang went the door, and Harold stood before the silent house, with feelings that would have knocked into dust could they have expressed themselves in lightning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SCREECH-OWL.—Perhaps the statement may be of interest that the little screech-owl is getting much more common in the vicinity of cities in which the English sparrow has become numerous, and that the imported birds will find in this owl as bold an enemy as the sparrow-hawk is to them in Europe, and even more dangerous, since its attacks are made toward dusk, at a time when the sparrow has retired for the night, and is not so wide awake for ways and means to escape.

HINDOO WIDOWS.—There were in British India, by the census of 1881, no less than 207,388 widows under 14 years of age, and 78,976 of these were under 9. They can no longer legally be burnt, but their widowhood is viewed by all Hindoos as the punishment for horrible crimes committed in some previous existence. They are closely confined to the house; forbidden all companionship; confined to one meal a day, which they eat in solitude; obliged to conceal themselves in the morning lest the sight of them bring bad fortune on the beholders; and all this for life!

MOUNT PILATUS.—Mount Pilatus, the first of a long chain of the Alps, towers 7116 feet above the level of the sea. It gathers all the vapors that float upwards, and has for ages been observed as a prophet of storms and tempests which ravage Lake Lucerne and the neighborhood. The tradition is that this mountain was named for Pontius Pilate, who, after consenting to the death of Christ, was banished by the Emperor Tiberius into Gaul, and wandered among the mountains of Helvetia in a despairing state of mind, and finally threw himself from Mount Pilatus into a small lake among the heights beneath.

WHEN THE MOON CHANGES.—During a long storm persons who are well versed in weather lore are often heard to console themselves with the prediction that there will be a change of weather when the moon changes. Nasmyth and Carpenter characterize as a popular error, in its most absurd form, this belief that the gradual turning of the moon's face towards and away from the sun could at points upset the existing condition of our atmosphere, generate clouds and pour down rains. In England (and the same may be said of much of America) the weather changes about every three days, and there is a change of the moon every seven days, so that many coincidences must occur. Those who believe that "the moon rules the weather" always credit such coincidences to lunar influence. But the theory is untenable unless it applies to every case, and unless the same effect is always produced by the same cause. To suppose that a change of the moon will turn dry weather to wet, or wet to dry, indiscriminately, is the merest childishness, and contrary to all meteorological records.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.—A missionary to China attempted, after ten months' residence at Pekin, to preach in the Chinese language. These are his words: "God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you, this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; in a word, with the Chinese the same word is the substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, etc. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. I will give you an example of their words: They told me chou signifies a book; so that I thought whenever the word chou was pronounced, a book was the subject. Not at all! Chou, the next time I heard it, I found it signified a tree. Now I was to recollect chou was a book or a tree. But this amounted to nothing; chou, I found, expressed also great heats; chou is to relate; chou is the Aurora; chou means to be accustomed; chou expresses the loss of a wager, etc. I should not finish were I to attempt to give you all its significations."

BRITISHER.—And have you any—aw—pawk in Cincinnaughty like Hyde Pawk, ye know? Miss Bacon.—Any pork! Well, in good, round, fat numbers, I should say about fifty thousand to the square mile. Britisher.—Fifty thousand square miles of pawk! By jove, now you really surprise me, Miss Bacon.

A GREAT waste of effort is the child who cries for an hour and never gets it.

WEALTH UNTOLD.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Seek your treasure, and you'll find
It exists but in the mind.
Wealth is but the power that hires
Blessings that the heart desires;
And if these are mine to hold
Independently of gold,
And the gifts it can bestow,
I am richer than I know!

Rich am I if, when I pass
'Mid the daisies on the grass,
Every daisy in my sight
Seems a jewel of delight!
Rich am I, if I can see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear 'mid forest leaves
Music in the summer eves;
If the lark that sings aloud
On the fringes of the cloud,
Scatters melodies around
Fresh as raindrops on the ground;
And I bless the happy bird
For the joy it has conferred;
If the tides upon the shore
Chant me anthems evermore;
And I feel in every mood
That life is fair and God is good!
I am rich if I possess
Such a fund of happiness,
And can find where'er I stray
Humble blessings on the way,
And deserve them ere they're given
By my gratitude to heaven.

Pride For Pride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CUPID IN SCARLET," "NINE PEAS IN A POD," "PRIDE," 'THE GHOST OF AN OLD LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AWAY in the heart of Yorkshire is the sleepy and old-fashioned village of Saxongore; and almost in the centre of the village stands the Hall—a long ivy-clad building, two storeys high, presenting to architectural eyes a sad mass of incongruities, for plate-glass windows looked out of Tudor gables and Queen Anne stabling joined a palpably Victorian coachman's cottage.

But the Athelstanes, who had been lords of the manor of Saxongore, they said, since the time of the great King Athelstane, one and all voted the Hall the favored spot of the earth's surface, and loved even such of its points as were ugly and undeniably inconvenient, though Mrs. Athelstane, who had been born a Bulstrode, and whose family had done homage to Severus sixteen hundred years before, was not very tolerant of mediæval discomfort and ugliness; so she, every now and again, made innovations by wholesale, the plate-glass of the windows to wit.

Within the open doorway of the great hall, in the full blaze of the sunshine, sat a young girl idly swinging herself to and fro in a big American rocking-chair.

There was not very much of her to be seen, except a cloud of snow-white muslin and embroidery and a pair of dark soft eyes looking out from under a heavy fringe of dark hair; she had a straight little nose and a lovely mouth, red as the scarlet heart of a ripe cherry.

The heat and blaze of the fierce sun of an August afternoon did not seem to trouble her much.

She lay at ease in the great chair, swinging herself idly to and fro with the tips of her little feet, and sang softly under her breath the words of an old ballad set to a tune of her own—

"She fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the laddie who told it was Alan a-Dale."

"I wonder," she said to herself musingly, "if he was anything like our Alan a-Dale. He—couldn't have been—he had a bonny black eye and Alan's are as blue as that Nankin plate up there. Tra-la-la-lala——Oh, how hot it is, though! The sun has got right on to me"—trying lazily to push the uneasy chair back into the shade, and without achieving any further success than a swing so violent that she nearly went over altogether. "I wonder where the others are and what they're doing? At that everlasting lawn-tennis, I suppose! What a bore it must be to be so inexhaustibly indefatigable!"

Then she went back to her tra-la-la and her idle swinging to and fro; but presently a quick firm footstep sounded on the pathway outside, and she ceased crooning her ballad.

"Is that you, Alan?"

"Yes; why, Lu, are you not roasted?"

"Pretty nearly. Pull my chair back into the shade, there's a good boy! What have you got there?"—as he deposited something carefully wrapped in two big cabbage-leaves on the floor, ere he proceeded to do her bidding.

"Strawberries," he returned laconically, drawing a second chair of large proportions and American conception of comfort forward for himself, before he handed them to her.

The girl sat up, with some show of animation.

"Ah, lovely!" she exclaimed, putting the biggest into her mouth instantly. "How good you are, Alan!"—gratefully. "I was just wondering what you were all doing."

"Left 'em all in the strawberry-bed. It's awfully hot—far too hot—for tennis; even Ella admits as much."

"So I think, though it couldn't be hotter than it is here," she answered, looking up at him. "What's the matter, Alan? You—you look very dismal—got a headache?"

"O-h!"—with a long-drawn sigh—"it's the same old story, Lu!"

"Has your uncle been worrying you again?"—sympathetically.

"Again? Every time I come near him it's the same cry. You know—every one knows what a lot I think about the dear old man; but, upon my word, I feel sometimes as if he would drive me mad."

"And what has he been saying to you now?"

"Oh, the usual thing—marry—marry—marry! As—as if I want to marry any one!"

"No, of course not"—very promptly; "and it's an awful nuisance his boring you to do what he knows you don't want—awful!"

Her tone was sufficiently sympathetic to have satisfied the veriest woman-hater in existence, and Alan a-Dale was not by any means a woman-hater, though he did not want to marry; yet, had he been looking at her, he might have seen that a hot flush suffused her pale face and a suspicious trembling affected the hand just raising a strawberry to her mouth.

But Alan a-Dale did not see it; his vexed blue eyes were looking straight through the wide doorway, across the park and the river, to the woods and covers of his own home, half-a-dozen miles away.

"He says he won't leave me a shilling if I don't marry," he continued ruefully.

"What a shame!" cried Lu-Lu warmly enough; her voice and hands were under better control than they had been a moment before.

"As if I want to make such a fool of myself!"

"Of course not"—indignantly.

"As you say, Lu, 'of course not,'" he repeated vexedly; "and a shame—it is a shame! I suggested he might get married himself; and for answer he asked me if I wanted to insult him"—jerking his back so violently that his straw hat fell from his head on to the floor. "And this morning he was at me again."

"And what did you say?"—the girl's tone was indifference itself.

"Say? I said, 'I won't, and that's flat!' and I won't, and that's another thing—and then"—suddenly stopping his chair, and looking straight at Lu-Lu—"as I told him, I don't know any one."

Lu-Lu looked away towards Crowsmount, and Alan a-Dale continued—"He suggested I should look after Mary Trevor."

"Mary Trevor!" burst out Lu-Lu indignantly.

"Ah, I knew you'd sympathise with me!" Alan a-Dale remarked, leaning back again, and recommencing his see-saw movements. "Well, that was just what I said. By Jove, I'd as soon marry a sheep at once!"

"And what did he say then?"

"Oh, talked a lot of sentimental bosh about my being the last of the A-Dales of Crowsmount—as if that is anything to me! I think it's time some other people had a spell at Crowsmount—said I must marry to keep up the old name. In my opinion, the sooner it goes out the better. The A-Dales are a bad lot, root and branch—except the Squire, that is—and don't want keeping up. However, I didn't tell him that—it's no good flaunting a red rag before a bull, you know."

"No, to be sure."

"So I just repeated that I really do not know any young ladies at all, so the thing couldn't be done, when he positively suggested I might find a wife at Saxongore. I told him his suggestion had come rather late, and that Ida and Ella are both engaged; and then, I do believe, Lu, the dear old man is losing his wits, for he said, as glibly as you please, that I had forgotten you."

"Me!" cried Lu-Lu, opening her eyes in amazement.

"You may well open your eyes!" the young man grumbled. "So did I—I can tell you. I just roared at the idea of it. As I said to him, 'Why, sir, Lu-Lu would laugh in my face, if I hinted at such a thing! Her ideas on the subject are even more pronounced than my own,' I said."

"Of course they are."

She had closed her eyes whilst he was grumbling on, and now put up her hand to arrange the fringe of silky hair, so that her face was completely hidden from him.

"As I said—she would laugh in my face."

"Of course I should," in a dull hard tone, and with a mirthless laugh. "It is too utterly absurd!"

"Of course it is, so I told him!" he returned vexedly. "And there we left it. If I don't marry, I shall not get a farthing, and he'll leave Crowsmount to charities, and it's a beastly shame, that's what it is," forgetting his manners altogether in his anger.

"A beastly shame!" repeated Lu, rather faintly.

"I will not go back, if Mrs. Athelstane will give me some dinner," he said presently.

"No, do not; stay here," replied the girl eagerly. "Don't go back to be teased. I wish, Alan, you would go and tell them to come in, it's just dressing-time. There's a good boy, you don't mind, do you? I would go myself, only my head aches."

"Poor old girl, I'm so sorry!" with rough and very brotherly sort of pity. "It's with sitting in this baking sun—put some eau de Cologne on your head, it often does wonders."

For a moment, after he had picked up his hat and departed, Lu-Lu Athelstane remained motionless, then two great scalding tears gathered in her eyes, and, overflowing, rolled down her cheeks.

"Laugh in your face?" she repeated, with a sob. "Oh, my darling, how blind you are!"

Then the sound of Alan's footsteps returning along the walk made her spring from her seat and scurry up the stately stairs—not so fast, though, but that Alan saw her.

"Hi, Lu!" he cried.

"Yes," without turning back to him.

"I can't find them, they must have come in by the billiard-room. Shall I be in the way?"

"Of course not. Go to your room, and ring for anything you want."

She passed out of sight, and Alan a-Dale followed her slowly, with his hands in his pockets.

He knew his way about the house, as well as if he had been an Athelstane.

Since his mother's death, twenty years before, when his uncle, old Alan a-Dale of Crowsmount, had brought the little orphan lad of four years old to live with him, he had been as much at Saxongore as at Crowsmount itself, and it had come to be a regular thing that he should invite himself to dinner there, or any other meal, and dress at the Hall in the suit of evening-clothes which were kept in a room called by his name.

When he had closed the door of this room behind him, he walked to the window, where he stood, with his hands in his pockets again, staring out at the old tumble-down church.

It was hard lines, he told himself, that his uncle should have thus taken to worrying his life out of him, as if he wanted to be saddled with a stupid namby-pamby wife, all frills and furbelows and ailments, who would sulk every time he went out shooting, and be dreadfully ill every time he wanted to run up to town for a day or two, who would cough if he smoked, and cry every time he appeared with a red coat on!

And it was not only the wife; but a vision arose before him of pert ladies'-maids, of solemn dinner-parties, and himself, Alan a-Dale, a wretched martyr, doing bland host between two hook-nosed dowagers at the foot of the feast—of wearisome afternoon-calls and a regiment of nurses. Oh, heavens!

He turned away from the window with a groan so full of wretchedness that his heart ached for himself.

He hated big noses, and somehow all dowagers seemed to him to possess those undesirable articles.

What he liked was a nice straight little nose—not, he reminded himself indignantly, that he wanted to marry a nose of any kind.

So he went on dreaming, while the owner of just such a nice straight little nose as he he had been telling himself he liked was lying across the bed in the very next room, stifling her sobs among the pillows, lest they should reach his ears.

But Lu-Lu Athelstane was a courageous young person—what the sturdy yeomen round about Saxongore were accustomed to speak of as "a good plucked 'un." Although she would fain have remained in the seclusion of her own room, under the plea of a bad headache, she yet contrived to pull herself together somehow, so as to appear at dinner as if nothing much was amiss with her.

As a matter of fact, pretty nearly everything was amiss with her. From the time she had been a little dark-eyed, toddling child, she had been Alan a-Dale's chum—the pair had been inseparable.

Alan's holidays were the bright days of Lu-Lu's year, Alan's schooldays a dreary, interminable dulness, seeming simply unending. Where Lu-Lu was there would Alan be found also—what Alan desired to do that was Lu-Lu's choice invariably.

Then, all at one, came a new phase—Alan a-Dale found out that he hated women—that bachelors had the best of it—that married men were poor, miserable slaves, who did not, as a rule, dare to call their souls their own—that he should never, even if he should live to be a hundred years old, "dream of allowing himself to be trapped into the wretched state which is satirically termed 'holy'"—that was the elegant manner in which Mr. Alan a-Dale expressed himself.

At first Lu-Lu had been thunderstruck. Then she began to analyse her feelings and was obliged to confess to her own heart that she was and, what was more, always had been, in love with her old playfellow and companion, Alan a-Dale.

There was no disguising the fact; she had grown up in the habit of hearing herself called "Master Alan's little wife" by the old servants at Crowsmount—later she had grown equally accustomed to being paired off with Alan on all occasions by her own brothers and sisters; it was a matter of course in the two households that Alan and Lu-Lu should do everything together.

Then, when this sudden change appeared in Alan's demeanor, Lu-Lu became aware that Alan cared for her only as the playfellow of his childhood and the friend of his youth; Alan, it was painfully evident, meant to verify none of the predictions of their whole world.

She was very, very proud, this girl, the old British blood, mingled with Anglo-Saxon, which ran in her veins was roused to passionate indignation that she was in love with Alan, while Alan cared nothing, or at least very little, about her.

She resolved that she would hide the truth from him and from every one else at whatever cost to herself.

Therefore, in furtherance of this resolution, it happened that, very soon after the proclamation of Alan a-Dale's "frightful ideas," as Mrs. Athelstane called them, Lu-Lu bloomed forth with notions of a still more pronounced and objectionable nature.

First she announced carefully that Mary Galbraith, a cousin, had made a sad mistake by her marriage, it was really pitiable, she declared, to see any woman with a reasonable and reasoning mind so utterly and completely under any man's thumb as she was under Tom Galbraith's.

Positively she was afraid to say the day was fine or wet, as the case might happen to be.

All she—Lu-Lu, that is—could say was that never, never would she submit to any such lordly nonsense—never, never!

And, after a few days, she remarked casually that she did not think she should ever marry.

"Marriage is such a lottery," she said; "so few prizes and so many blanks!"

Then, when Mrs. Athelstane somewhat sharply reminded her that she had grown from child to woman with an example before her continually of a very true and happy marriage, she answered loftily that her father was an Athelstane, and that the Athelstanes were gentle people, who did not go in for such vulgar amusements as bullying their wives; and then she added that it was a pity they had no boys at Wolferstang—only girls; the Athelstanes of Wolferstang were second cousins to the elder branch of the family at Saxongore.

But Lu-Lu's notions did not remain at a dogged standstill, as did Alan a-Dale's.

They progressed daily, they throve apace and flourished amazingly—they left Alan's far, far behind, perhaps because she had a keen quick wit and a sharp ready tongue, and Alan only possessed the unyielding, unbending, pig-headed obstinacy which had been the chief characteristic of the A-Dale family ever since it had been a family at all.

So very successfully did the girl blind all those around her, or nearly all of them, to the truth that her heart, so far from being the stone—the block of wood—the lump of lead—the wedge of ice which she carefully proclaimed it to be, was, in reality, overflowing with love for Alan a-Dale.

It might be that Mrs. Athelstane guessed something of the cause of her daughter's new woman's rights views and marriage-hating propensity—certain it is that she did not tease Lu-Lu about her notions as the others did, and equally certain is it that she frequently took occasion to remark in Lu-Lu's hearing that, after a while, by-and-by, Alan would outgrow all that nonsense and settle down into married life as composedly and contentedly as his uncle or any one else could desire.

But two years had gone by, and Alan seemed no more inclined to go wooing a wife than he had been any time during those four-and-twenty months; nor did Lu-Lu in her turn seem any more desirous that Alan or any other gay young gallant should come a-wooing to her.

That very evening she robed herself in her prettiest white frock, and went down with a cat in her arms.

"I've got the cat you see," she said to Alan; "I only want to be a little older, and then I shall get the parrot."

CHAPTER II.

IT was only three days after this that old Alan a-Dale, Squire of Crowsmount, was seized with an apoplexy, and, after lying a few hours in semi-unconsciousness, passed away to his long sleep.

Alan the younger was bitterly grieved. The old man lying so still and quiet in the room up above had been everything to him for twenty long years, father, mother, uncle—everything.

They had ever been bound by the closest intimacy.

Old Alan had lavished his heart's best and dearest love upon the handsome blue-eyed little lad ever since the day, twenty years before, when he had found him all alone, surrounded by the evidences of his dead mother's presence—his dead mother, who lay above in the bed-chamber of a dingy London lodging, still and quiet, and with all her troubles ended.

There had been a tender bygone romance between old Alan and his lovely sister-in-law—a broken engagement—a broken promise—some said, for Alan, a broken heart, and then an elopement with Edwin, the younger brother.

It is certain that he never forgave them in life, though, when the people about the widow's death-bed wrote to him to know what should be done with the little child, he relented so far that he went to London himself.

Not with the slightest intention of bringing the child back to Crowsmount. Oh, dear, no! He had no pity, no softness of heart. He told himself, as he drove along through the crowded streets in the dusk of a dreary November afternoon, that he would do what was just to the boy—strictly just.

It would not be just for him, a rich man, an a-Dale of Crowsmount, to leave his brother's son to the parish; he would, therefore, undertake the care of him, and bring him up, plainly as possible; he would do his stern duty—nothing more.

But, when he reached the poverty-stricken little row of houses, dignified by the high-sounding appelation of Chesham Terrace, where Mrs. Edwin a-Dale had ended her poor and sad life, his heart sank a little, in spite of the hardness of which he had boasted a few minutes before.

The surroundings seemed so incongruous

to pretty Dorothy Bannister, who had jilted him fifteen years before—pretty Dorothy Bannister, who had always, even in her falseness, been queen regnant in his heart.

And poor Dorothy was dead—had died here, in this wretched hole! Somehow Squire a-Dale's heart kept getting softer each moment.

Then they showed him into a small dingy parlor, feebly lighted by one gas jet, yet which revealed even to his careless masculine eyes a sad array of tawdry paper flowers, soiled white rags of crochet-work, which were his especial abomination, and here struck him as being more hateful than usual—a handful of fire in a rusty grate, and a little child standing looking at him out of Queen Dorothy's own lovely eyes, but Dorothy's eyes drowned in tears—with Dorothy's own down-drooped mouth, which he had never seen since that bitter day, ever so many years before, when he had upbraided her so fiercely for loving his young brother Edwin better than himself.

There was not a trace of shyness in the child's face or manner, as the stern embittered stranger entered the room—on the contrary, he came a step nearer to him, with sudden eager hope shining in his blue tear-dimmed eyes.

"Have you brought my mother back?" he asked.

Heavens! It was Dorothy's very own voice, yet with no false ring in its clear tones.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, sitting down and drawing the child towards him.

The boy shook his head.

"No, you can't be my uncle Alan, because mother said he was very angry, and would never speak to me; she vexed him very much, and so he is angry. But they have taken my mother away, and I do want her so dreadfully! Oh, I do want her!"—looking round wistfully. "I can't do without her any longer."

By this time the hard-hearted old bachelor, than whom, according to his own words, flint was not more unfeeling, had lifted the boy up on to his knee, and the child was resting his sunny head against the man's broad shoulder.

"I've been alone all day," the boy continued plaintively. "I don't think I was ever left so long alone before."

"Has no one been near you, my lad?" the Squire asked.

It was wonderful how the gruffness had left his voice, and how tenderly the unaccustomed fingers were smoothing back the tossed golden curls, so like Queen Dorothy's—the Queen Dorothy whom he had never seen for fifteen years.

"Sarah nursed me a bit this morning, but Mrs. Masham scolded her for wasting her time over me."

And then two great tears fell upon the Squire's hand, and Alan a-Dale shut his teeth hard, with an ugly word tacked on to the landlady's name.

"Don't cry, my lad, don't cry," he said hastily, and with something that looked very much like tears in his own eyes. "You shan't be left alone again, I promise you. Are there no more of you? What's your name?"

"No more," catching his breath quickly, with a little sob; "and my name is Alan a-Dale."

The stern unforgiving man, who had been so deeply wronged, and who had cherished his resentment as part of his life, was conquered.

From that moment Alan the younger reigned omnipotent in his heart, and ruled him as with a rod of iron.

From that day Crowsmount and everything in it was liable to be turned upside down at any hour for the gratification of a whim or caprice of Master Alan's.

Sarah, the slip-shod young person who had befriended the unhappy little waif, was raised from being merely an ill-paid overworked drudge in a London lodging-house to the proud position of the Squire's favorite and most trusted servant, and the orphan child whom he had determined just to keep out of the workhouse became the object of his whole devotion and best love.

And now it was all over! Alan, no longer the younger, sat in a darkened room, leaning his head upon his hands, thinking over the last twenty years of his life.

Of his mother his childish recollections were very dim; his father and some five or six children who had died before his mother he could not remember at all.

Even of her his remembrances were very indistinct; he fancied she had golden hair that curled a good deal, and that she used to kiss him very often; he remembered the two days following her death perfectly.

Looking back now, he could have believed them to be months, instead of days—months of awful loneliness and never-to-be-forgotten dreariness.

He remembered his uncle coming—how he had sworn at the landlady, and had given Sarah every farthing of loose change he had in his pockets because that good-natured young person had, of her charity, stolen a few minutes from her work as best she could to comfort the miserable little bairn sobbing his very heart out in the dingy darkened front parlor.

And that was twenty years ago—twenty long, long years, during which they had been the closest friends, more closely knit together than many a father and son.

Now the dear old man was dead—had been struck down all in a moment, and had gone without so much as a word of farewell.

Alan a-Dale had never felt for twenty years so like the little lonely sobbing child whom Alan the elder had found in Mrs. Masham's front parlor.

Could his uncle have risen up then and bade him take a Hottentot to wife, he would have complied with his wishes cheerfully.

Ay, but it was too late then; Alan a-Dale, like many another, could do nothing save sit down, wishing he could undo the irrevocable past.

It was very dreary for him; he wandered in and out of the old-fashioned rooms, unable to settle to any occupation.

His old nurse, Sarah, long since married and living in easy-going prosperity in one of the lodges, came across the park to the closed-in house and wept over the old man till Alan's own eyes overflowed.

Every chair and table found a voice and spoke to him of the dead man—the dog on the hearth-rug raised his head eagerly every time the door was opened, then dropped it into his old attitude of despondency—the horses in the stables turned their wistful eyes when he entered, looking past him for that other form which would come no more.

The parrot in its cage cried incessantly—"Squire, Squire a-Dale!" till Alan could almost have choked it—only, the Squire had been so fond of Polly.

He could not bear the thoughts, and yet they came to him over and over again, that the great oak-chair at the head of the table would hold the broad-shouldered erect Squire of Crowsmount never again; never would he see the bright gray eyes which had smiled upon him for twenty years—never again would he hear the kindly greeting, "Well, Alan, my lad!" as he had heard it fifty times a day for twenty years.

It was torture to him to think of fresh rulers coming to live in the old house—to think of a mistress reigning in the house which had been without a mistress for forty years, altering the old arrangements, upsetting old rules, turning out the old servants, condemning the old furniture, and redecorating the drawing-rooms with amber satin and frescoed ceilings.

"Never shall a woman reign here whilst I live!" he cried emphatically. "No, I'll be hanged if there shall!"

The five days which came between the Squire's death and the funeral crept by dismally.

Then the blinds were drawn up, and the sun once more streamed in, flooding the rooms with brightness, seeking out the shabby places in the carpets, and increasing that horrible air of emptiness which Death leaves behind him when he steals our best and dearest from us.

There only remained for Alan the reading of the will, and then it would be all quite over; and the sooner he could forget the past and grow accustomed to this new and terrible loneliness the better.

Only the will! It blanched Alan a-Dale's face and made his heart throb with hot miserable indignation that almost made it burst; his grief and his gratitude were alike forgotten in that moment; he was only filled with a fury of anger that, after twenty years, his uncle could have so mistrusted and restricted him.

Its terms were plain enough; it set forth that, if his nephew Alan a-Dale was not married before his twenty-fifth birthday, the entire estate, real and personal, should be divided amongst certain metropolitan charities, with the exception of a few legacies to servants and the sum of one shilling to his nephew Alan a-Dale.

"Most extraordinary!" murmured one of the gentlemen who had attended the funeral. "Whatever could a-Dale have been thinking of?"

"Some married woman," returned his neighbor, in an undertone.

"Never heard a breath of it," whispered the first.

"'If however by the time specified,'" the lawyer continued, "'the said Alan a-Dale can show proof that he is married or has been married, I leave all my property to him, with the exception of the aforenamed legacies. Until that time he is to have the use of the entire property. I think that is all, Mr. a-Dale," said the lawyer quietly, folding up the paper.

All those present rose to depart.

"A very odd proviso!" remarked one.

"A very pleasant one!" said another—a man who had two pretty daughters just suitable for the situation. "You have six months, a-Dale—just a nice time to look out a pretty wife."

"I am not going to look for a wife of any kind," responded Alan, his words sounding through the large room like a thunderclap.

"My dear fellow, you must!" remonstrated his friend.

"I'll be hanged if I will!" declared Alan passionately.

"But you can't let the estate go."

"Can't I? I don't care a button for the estate!" — his voice shaking with passion.

"That man is mad!" remarked one to another, as they left the house.

"Married woman!" the other repeated. "By Jove, what a hold she must have got over him!"

"I never heard of it."

"Oh, the will's proof-positive! There's never smoke without fire."

"No; that's true," the other returned. "I wonder, though, who on earth she is?"

But Alan a-Dale was not mad—not a bit of it!

Bitterly hurt and outrageously indignant at the want of confidence his uncle had shown in him he certainly was.

"If he had only expressed a wish that I should marry as soon as possible," he said passionately to Lu-Lu Athelstane on the following day, "I would have been married before a month was over. As it is, the money may go! I won't be bribed or forced into doing what I hate. No; the place may go."

"It seems a great pity," observed Lu-Lu quietly.

"A pity, of course it seems a pity, it is more than a pity, it is an iniquitous shame! I never thought uncle Alan could have done such a thing as that to me—no, I never did!"

"If I were you, Alan, I would go away for a few weeks, you see things quite differently by then."

"No, no!" he answered doggedly. "I have only six months longer to live in the house where I have been happy—oh, heavens, how—how happy!—and then I must turn out into the world. I shall enlist."

"Alan!" The ring of pain in her voice was so great that, had he been less pre-occupied, her secret would have been no longer her own—he would, indeed he must, have guessed that her pretended detestation of marriage was but the outcome of his own absurd views on that subject—views which would never have grown into life at all except at the bidding of that vein of dogged unyielding obstinacy which ran in the blood of all the a-Dales.

As it was, he noticed nothing—he only turned to her with a smile which he tried in vain to make at once indifferent and brave.

"I know something of horses—most Yorkshiremen do," he said, with an assumption of carelessness which cut the girl's heart like a knife. "Of course I haven't a cavalry-seat; but I can learn. And, if I do, you will take Roy for me; I shouldn't like the poor old dog to be kicked about by strangers—he was fond of him."

"Yes, I will take him," the girl answered, in a very low tone—"Roy or anything else that you like to send here; and, you know, you can always consider Saxongore your home."

"You won't want private soldiers here, old woman," he said, with a bitter laugh; "and I shall not care to come and see Crowsmount in the hands of strangers."

A passionate rejoinder rose to the girl's lips; but she choked it back, and replied quietly—

"Your welcome is here, if you care to come for it. I needn't tell you that change of position will make no difference to the Athelstane. Oh, here is mother!"

"Well, my dear boy," said Mrs. Athelstane placidly, as she joined them, "what is this nonsense I hear about your giving up the estates?"

"It is no nonsense at all, Mrs. Athelstane," he answered steadily. "It is quite true."

"My dear Alan, you must have taken leave of your senses. Who ever objection can you have?" she asked, opening wide her fine eyes, of which Lu-Lu's were the counterpart.

"So unjust — so mistrustful!" he replied.

"Nonsense, my dear boy. You are looking at the matter in a wrong light. Your uncle, being the last but one of a grand old family like the a-Dales, was naturally anxious to do all he could to secure the name from dying out, and he was very fond of you, Alan."

"Oh, very!" Alan admitted, with a great knot rising up in his throat.

"And, after all, there is nothing so dreadful in the idea of being married and having a nice wife," she continued.

"I don't want a nice wife—I don't want ever to marry any one," he answered stubbornly. "In fact, Mrs. Athelstane, I don't know any nice girls—except yours—and so it is out of the question."

"It is a pity that Ida and Ella are both engaged," said the lady kindly; "and, as for Lu-Lu, she unfortunately seems to hold your absurd views even more persistently than you do."

"Yes," murmured Alan absently. "But I'm not going to marry any one—Crowsmount may go."

And then Lu-Lu, who had been growing with each moment more and more ghastly pale, created a diversion by fainting dead away.

"It is this terrible heat, poor darling," said her mother, raising her head upon her shoulder. "Some water, Alan—quickly!"

By their united effort she presently came round, still looking very fragile and wan—as Alan said pityingly, "all eyes."

"I thought you seemed unlike yourself all the afternoon," he remarked, with careless commiseration; "only I was so taken up with worries, I never considered that they might be a trouble to you."

"It is no matter—it must have been the heat," Lu-Lu answered, trying to smile. "I feel very much for you, Alan."

"Yes, you always sympathized with me. I never knew any one else who did."

"I should hope not!" cried Mrs. Athelstane warmly, as she bathed her daughter's forehead with scent. "And now, Alan, let us leave her to rest a while—you will stay to dinner, of course?"

"Yes, thanks! It is horrible to go back to an empty house."

"The remedy lies in your own hands," was the last thing Lu-Lu heard.

However, in spite of Mrs. Athelstane's persuasions and remonstrances, and the laughing banter of every one he knew except Lu-Lu, Alan a-Dale remained firm in the resolution he had made—he took no steps towards the wooing and winning of a wife.

In vain did his old friend Sarah take advantage of her privileges, and try to persuade him to make choice of the many bonny young ladies who were waiting for him to choose from; in vain did Mrs. Athelstane alternate between scolding and coaxing; in vain did his own heart yearn over the house of his ancestors—he had made up his mind to let his inheritance pass away from him into the hands of strangers; bitter as the parting would be, he put forth no hand to prevent its drifting out of his grasp.

The brilliant summer days shortened into autumn and winter—Christmas in time came on.

It was a mild sunny season—splendid weather, hunting men declared—a nice comfortable green Christmas, when the men in and about Saxongore could follow the gay little rover six days out of seven, with one or other of the three packs within reach. Into the pursuit Alan a-Dale flung himself with the ardor and energy of a man who knew his hunting days were numbered.

This day the York and Ainsty meet at Crowsmount—the next he was off at six in the morning to a meet of the Braham Moor Hunt, ten miles away. On a third he might be found at Aldwalk Bridge, with the York and Ainsty again, and a fourth found him and his horses going by rail to hunt with Lord Middleton's hounds out by Malton.

And thus all through January he rode and rode—as the men said, as if he were trying to break his neck. And February came in, and with it a bitter biting frost, which put a stop to hunting, and once more sent him over to Saxongore to spend the long mornings.

Besides the Squire and Mrs. Athelstane there was only Lu-Lu at home. The two elder girls Ida and Ella were away. Alaric, the eldest son, was with his regiment in Ireland, and Oswyn, the youngest, had just returned to Eton.

"Only ten days more, and then I must turn out," said Alan, one morning to Lu-Lu, with a sigh that was almost a sob.

"I wish I could help you," returned the girl gently. "Is it too late?"

"Too late now—oh, yes! There is no time," he answered drearily. "I almost wish now that I——"

"That what?" she asked, in a tone which she could not help being eager.

"Why, that I'd made up to some woman," he answered, in a half-shamed way. "It would have been very bad—very bad, of course; but scarcely so bad as turning out."

"It is not too late. There are ten days," she said carelessly, or what seemed so.

"Oh, it's too late now, and I know of no one likely—— No; I must be plucky and bear it. After all, it will soon be over, and it is a business one can only have to go through once during a lifetime."

A silence fell upon them then—a silence during which Alan stirred restlessly at the fire, and Lu-Lu pressed her hands together with a wild prayer for courage on her trembling lips.

"It seems a pity," she remarked at length, in a strange hoarse voice, quite unlike her own.

"It is iniquitous!" he burst out passionately. "I have thrown my inheritance away. Oh, what a fool I have been!"

"You wish you had married?" asked Lu-Lu.

"I wish anything rather than have to part with Crowsmount," he answered.

"Alan—if—you—like," said Lu-Lu, in a shaking voice, "I will—marry you!"

"I—will—marry you!" said Lu-Lu, all in a hurry, and trembling as with an ague. "It seems such a pity to let Crowsmount go."

"My dear old woman," said Alan gratefully, "you are the best friend I ever had. Upon my word, I think it would have killed me. But won't you hate the very idea of being married? You always were so determined about not marrying, and it seems a shame to force it on to you for my benefit."

"But I shall benefit too," answered Lu-Lu, trying hard to take things coolly and seem as if the whole affair were a good joke, about which she was rather indifferent than otherwise. "I shall be mistress of Saxongore."

She smiled as she spoke; for, in her heart she knew that, though being mistress of Crowsmount might be next best to being mistress of Saxongore, it was not next in the way she meant him to understand it just then.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRAMMAR AND DITCHING. — John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote: "When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching; perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.' This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it; dug next afternoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that ditch."

"WEARY."

BY OSCAR BOULTON.

Weary! weary! Oh that some soft breeze
Would nurse me weary on its hurrying breast,
And coursing lightly o'er the morning seas,
Whirl me to rest.

Weary! weary! all the sunny noon
Toiling! and ever, when the hope seemed high
Of some sweet solace that had charmed me soon,
Seeing it fade and die!

Weary! weary! but when the allotted part
Of joyless life be spent and noon be past,
Even the weary, broken, battered heart
May find a rest at last.

STORM-TOST.

F. F. HUGHES.

CHAPTER I.

THE small country-town of Telso was convulsed with excitement. In the one square of which it could boast most of the inhabitants of the place were assembled.

As many as could crowd in had pushed their way into the Town Hall, which formed one side of the square, while those who had failed to do so collected in groups as near as possible to the door, so that any whisper from the Court might be caught at once.

For the Spring Assizes were being held, and the case at present before the judge was of so startling a character that it was no wonder it had upset the quiet steady-going Scottish folk of Telso.

Yet the chief actors had lived among them and been known by all. The facts of the case with which the town was ringing were these: a wealthy middle-aged man of the name of Ferguson, living on his estate just outside Telso, had, for years previous to the time of which we are speaking, married a very beautiful English girl. Things had apparently gone on smoothly for a time, but then whispers of ill-treatment began to float about.

The sweet girlish face which had won all hearts lost its childish outline, and the eyes, once so sunny, gained a look of perplexity and pain.

Still nothing definite was known. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson went very rarely into society, and lately even the shopping of the latter had been done by her reticent maid, from whom inquisitive persons tried in vain to elicit any details respecting the ill-fame that hovered over the "Oaklands."

Then came the news of the sudden death of Mr. Ferguson, followed immediately by the dread whisper of poison.

Everything seemed terribly plain to the horrified townspeople, who, after the first shock, were conscious, one and all, of the deepest pity for the young wife, who, if report spoke truly, had, in a moment of madness, rid herself of her tormentor in such terrible fashion.

It was strange, perhaps, that her guilt had been so universally accepted, but the evidence so far as it was known seemed conclusive.

The trial had dragged on, as such cases always seem to drag to interested spectators.

The barristers cracked jokes with each other with the seeming callousness that distinguishes their class. The medical men had given their evidence.

All were agreed that poison was the cause of death. Several of the servants had been called, and were all more or less affected.

They were evidently deeply attached to their young mistress, and gave their evidence with reluctance, one or two bursting into tears. They stated that as a rule medicines were kept in their mistress's room in a cupboard which she always kept locked. There was a general rustle in the court as the whisper passed that Rachel Clarke, Mrs. Ferguson's confidential maid, was to be the next witness.

Only the prisoner at the bar stood unmoved. She was very beautiful, no one could deny that, even in this hour of concentrated anguish, and she was quite calm.

Not a quiver showed that she was conscious of the throng of curious on-lookers. The vivid pallor of her face alone betokened feeling of any kind.

Rachel Clarke, on the contrary, was terribly upset. Her answers were often inaudible, and at one point she became so faint that a glass of water had to be fetched. Her evidence was important.

She had been Mrs. Ferguson's maid ever since her marriage, and had helped to nurse her master during his last illness.

He had been in bed for three weeks in consequence of an injury received in a fall from his horse. He was a difficult patient, would never be alone, yet would have no stranger in to help.

She was with her mistress in his room that night about eight, and saw her give him his usual dose of medicine. Then she went to lie down in the next room and slept until half-past four, when she went to relieve her mistress and to take her turn in the sick room.

She went up to the bed and saw that her master was dead. Her mistress had said he was sleeping. No, she had heard nothing between 8 A. M.

Her master had been very quarrelsome that day and very angry, for no cause that she knew, but always with her mistress. Yes (with great reluctance), she believed that the bottle produced was the one she had bought a month ago for her mistress when suffering from toothache.

She could not swear to its being the bottle. If it was, her mistress had always kept it in a locked cupboard in her own room.

Nothing further could be extracted from Rachel Clarke in cross-examination. The next and last witness called was the chemist.

He swore that the bottle produced was the one he had sold to Rachel Clarke. Great silence prevailed when the summing up began. The judge did his part gravely and impartially.

The jury asked permission to retire, and during their two hours of debate the excitement inside and outside the court increased to fever pitch.

It was past seven when the jury returned, and amid a breathless silence, the foreman rose to announce their decision.

"Not proven," he said, and at the words an audible sigh of relief went through the court, and the whisper went out "Not proven," to the crowd below.

Then there was silence again to hear the judge's words, but before they came the expectant hush was broken by a moan as of a child in pain. "No, no," came the cry, and the prisoner at the bar fell heavily to the ground in a deathlike swoon.

CHAPTER II.

THE Welsh village of Pendine is most picturesquely situated. The few houses of which the hamlet consists are sprinkled here and there over hilly slopes which face the sea.

Below these, to the right, massive gray limestone rocks run in an irregular line along the shore, here and there throwing out rugged projections, which cut up the coast into numerous bays.

At their base the rocks themselves are honeycombed into caves of all sizes and shapes.

Above extend grassy downs, where sheep browse quietly on the very edge of the precipitous cliffs, apparently unmoved by the proximity of danger, and certainly untouched by the painful dizziness that overtakes human folk on such perilous ledges.

This first ridge of rocks ends abruptly in a craggy point just below the village, but the reach of sand continues in a steady sweep that gradually loses itself in the dim distance in a vague mingling of sea and sky.

It is bounded in its course by wide-lying sand-hills, here and there varied by tiny cottages, while to the south, in its ever-changing grandeur, lies the mighty sea.

The nearest station is eleven miles off; consequently that factor of so-called civilization has little interest for the quiet Pendine folk, and this isolation enhanced the interest of the place to the artist, Randolph Perceval, who now, for the first time, had been able to pay a visit to his uncle, the Rev. Ralph Wood, who had been for more than twenty years vicar of this secluded parish.

On this, the first day of his visit, Mr. Perceval had taken a boat and rowed slowly along the coast, reconnoitering for a suitable point on which to begin a sketch the following day.

It was a beautiful August day, the sky unclouded.

Perhaps a breath of autumn had crept into the air, but only sufficient to abate its summer sultriness.

The same influence had been busy on the hillside and in the woods, but as yet had brought no thought of decay, but had only mellowed the vivid tints of the trees, and brought out russet touches among the bracken that clothed the hills.

Among so much that was beautiful, it was difficult to decide on any special spot, but finally Perceval determined to try his hand on a view of the third bay, which was somewhat smaller than the others.

This question settled, he made his way further out, and only turned his boat homeward when twilight began to fall. The tide was coming in rapidly, and had already reached the nearer rocks.

Perceval could hear the rush of the waves into the caves. Yes, he was satisfied with his selection.

The small bay would undoubtedly make a charming picture, and how rugged the outlines of the caves were, and how black the entrance to the largest one.

But stay! Could it be possible? No! Yes! There was certainly something or some one in that last cave. Quickly as the twilight had fallen, there was sufficient light to testify to that.

A dark form or bundle was distinctly visible. What could it be? Randolph Perceval stopped rowing and peered wonderingly in.

It was impossible to be sure, but it seemed to him that a face showed through the darkness. If it were so, the individual, whoever it was, must be in imminent danger, unless there was some way of escape not visible.

But that seemed highly improbable. He lifted up his voice, and sent a ringing "hallo" over the waters. But there came no answering sound though he repeated the call many times.

With a few sharp strokes Perceval took his boat into the little bay, within easy distance of the cave, and then, to his horror, he perceived that the black spot was in reality the crouched figure of a woman.

"In a few moments it would have been too late," he thought with dismay, as a wave broke right at her feet and deluged her with spray. "Don't be frightened, I am coming," he shouted with all his strength, but there was no answer, and the figure remained motionless. "Has she fainted with fright?" the young man wondered; but there was no time for surmisings.

He brought up the boat as far as he could, then leaping out pulled it up as far as his strength would permit, and made quickly for the cave.

It was risky work for a small boat among the waves in that narrow bay, and there was no time to lose. Still the woman did not move.

She had not fainted either, for as Perceval waded up to her, he saw that her eyes were open and fixed steadily on some spot far out on the horizon. Had she gone mad with fright? He approached her rapidly, and touched her arm.

"Do you know that you are in great danger? Here is a boat. Come!"

She started violently, and an expression of horror swept over her face, but she did not answer; and as a big wave came dashing in upon them, the young man caught her up and carried her out to the boat. Once safely in, it took all Perceval's skill to keep the little craft from being carried on the rocks by the increasing waves. Not till he reached the open sea did he turn to his companion.

She was looking at him with sad reproachful eyes, and with such a depth of misery on her beautiful face, that instinctively he stopped rowing.

"You are ill?" he questioned her quickly.

"Why did you do it?" she moaned. "It was coming;" and so saying, she fainted away.

Landing as speedily as possible, it was some time before the joint efforts of Perceval and the old boatman succeeded in bringing back consciousness, and when this occurred the girl was still so weak and faint, that Perceval insisted upon seeing her home.

She showed the strongest objection to this arrangement; but on rising to show her capability of walking alone, nearly fell, and was forced to take Randolph's proffered arm.

They made their way up a winding hill, through a quiet mountain path, and down into a narrow valley where only only one cottage was visible. They went in silence. Perceval could see that his companion was thoroughly upset, and an awful conviction had come to him that he could not shake off.

As they reached the turning whence a twisting path led to the cottage the woman stopped.

"That is my destination," she said hurriedly. "You have been very kind. You must not think me ungrateful."

"I do not think you are grateful," Perceval said abruptly, urged to speak out by the dread he could not shake off. "I don't mean to me. I don't wish or deserve gratitude; but I feel sure you will feel differently one day."

He had spoken almost roughly, and the girl looked up at him apprehensively, a mixture of fright and misery in her eyes. "You don't know," she whispered.

"No," he returned sorrowfully, answering the vague words. "No! but I do know one thing. Nothing justifies despair."

The honest words, rough and outspoken, seemed for a moment to shiver to pieces all barriers between these two strangers. They were fellow-creatures, without a thought of conventionality.

"You don't know," she reiterated passionately; but she did not deny the misery, or question his right of speaking out.

"Despair was the sin of Judas, the unpardonable sin," he urged. "At any cost we must struggle against that. Will you promise me to do this?" he asked suddenly.

The girl raised her head.

"How good you are," she said wonderingly. "What can it matter what becomes of me?" (breaking down for a moment).

But Perceval stood silent, as if waiting for an answer; then, after a minute's pause, "Will you promise?" he asked again gently.

"Yes, I promise," she answered quickly; then, as if not trusting herself to say more, she turned swiftly away, and was lost in the gathering darkness.

* * * * * *

Six weeks had passed, and still Randolph Perceval lingered on at Pendine. Mr. Wood was flattered to hear from his visitor that the Welsh village and surrounding country offered such a wide field for art; but Perceval did not attempt to deceive himself.

He knew that for him the charm of the place centred in the woman whose life he had saved.

That she was a widow, known as Mrs. Croft, and had for four years lodged in the lonely cottage in the Moria Bychan Valley; that she shunned all intercourse with people generally, but was invaluable to the cottages in times of sorrow and illness; that she had evidently passed through some great sorrow; these were the few facts that Perceval was able to glean about his new acquaintance.

At first she had persistently avoided him; but one day, in the course of a long tramp across country, he had discovered her in a retired nook, painting, and found out that by this means she eked out her tiny income.

Immediately Perceval owned to being an artist, and suggested some slight alteration in the sketch upon which she was engaged, and which showed decided talent.

Subsequently this common interest formed a pretext to Perceval for many meetings, and though these were never arranged beforehand, and though the young man often traversed many miles in vain attempts to catch sight of the well-known figure in black, still very often his search was successful.

And the result was that he was in love, madly in love, for the first time in his life, and with a woman of whom he knew nothing, save that she was surrounded by some great mystery, a fact which a few months ago would have been fatally against her in his opinion.

But all was changed now, and Perceval felt that he could not tear himself away from Pendine. Yet what could he hope for by staying? Thus he questioned, as, on an October day, he wandered over the cliffs.

The bracken had turned quite golden now. All along the mountain path it formed a high hedge on either side, often reaching above his elbow. The sea came thundering in, dashing into the caves with a deafening roar.

A number of ravens were whirling aloft, uttering their harsh caw, while a snow-white sea-gull flew seawards to meet the approaching storm.

Along the horizon billowy angry clouds were forming a great purple ridge, while the brightness of the sea was being gradually overshadowed by the darkness of the coming tempest.

The strong south-west wind was in keeping with Perceval's restlessness. He battled his way doggedly on, until, suddenly turning a corner of the winding fern-bordered path, he saw a few steps in front of him the woman who had been haunting his thoughts.

She was standing motionless, looking out on the sea. She had taken off her bonnet, and the sunshine lighted up her beautiful golden hair, set off in such relief by her sombre garments.

It was the first time he had seen her without a bonnet, and he noticed instantly that she appeared even more youthful than before.

He took a step forward, and as she looked round there was a strange awakened look in her face. They exchanged no formal greetings.

"It feels like freedom," she said, as she lifted her face to the strong wind. Then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she hastily put on her bonnet. From where they stood they could see the bay beneath—a tiny cove, with a pebbly beach of white stones, and just one small cottage far up in the valley.

"It is very peaceful down there," he said quietly.

"Aye," she whispered, "if scenery made peace."

He turned to her with sudden determination.

"There is nothing that can give me peace save your love," he said abruptly. "Will you be my wife?"

The girl looked up, her face filled with amazement.

"Am I dreaming?" she asked, raising her hands with a pathetic gesture of astonishment.

"Will you let me dream a beautiful dream?" he returned tenderly.

Her eyes were still full of wonder.

"You ask me nothing of my past," she said.

"No," he answered gravely, "If you care to tell me anything, I shall be proud of your confidence, but I will never ask you or wish to know. I ask for the present and the future; that will be more than enough for me."

She stood looking out on the sea for a moment.

"Thank God that there are such men!" she murmured, as if to herself, but there was a look on her face that kept the man by her side speechless, that prevented his touching the little clasped hands.

She turned to him again at last. "You are more generous than I believed it possible for anyone to be. Your pity has made you forget everything else. It is wonderful!"

"I am not speaking of pity," he answered quickly, "I am speaking of love, and you have not given me an answer."

"You must know there is but one answer possible," she answered passionately; "thoughts of love and happiness are not for me."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" she repeated wildly. "You can ask 'Why not?' for an outcast like me. Ah!" (drawing a long breath, and recovering self-control) "but you don't know, how could you?"

"I have told you I do not even wish to know," he returned steadily. "Let me share the burden, if I cannot rid you of it."

"It is impossible."

"Why is it impossible . . . Adrienne?"

He said the name softly, and she looked up startled, while a little tinge of color crept into her face.

It was the first time Perceval had seen a trace of coloring in the white cheeks, and for a moment he realized what the face had been in its youth and innocence of sorrow.

"How did you know it?" she questioned.

"I saw it on one of your paintings," he answered, "and since then it has lain on my heart, Adrienne."

And now he caught the clasped hands and held them firmly.

"There is no such word as impossible in love. Come to me, my darling, and let me try, with my whole life, to blot out the memory of the past, whatever it may be."

"But what if there is sin in that past as well as misery?"

She had wrenched herself free, and her

face was livid and strangely drawn. Perceval shivered slightly. The words were terrible coming from those young lips, but his faith was untouched.

"I am not afraid of anything in your past."

"You do not believe me," she went on, keeping her eyes fixed on him. "You do not understand what my life is. Did you think I was glad when you came to me in the cave that evening not long ago? I was miserable. When I awoke suddenly to the fact that, unperceived by me, the tide had reached the rocks, and retreat was impossible, I rejoiced greatly. Death, for which I had hoped so long, seemed coming at last like a loving friend in the rush of the waters and break of the waves. I hated you for bringing me back to life and misery."

"I knew it," the young man answered quickly.

"You knew it, and yet you speak like this to-day!"

"I knew it," he repeated. "We are not to be judged by our temptations."

The storm had come up. The waters were being lashed into ungovernable fury. Thick thunder-drops were falling, but the two standing there reeked little of it all.

"You hold a very merciful creed."

'Be merciful, too, and give me hope."

"Have I not said it is impossible? You do not know what you ask. I shall never forget your goodness, but you must forget me. You will love some good woman worthy of your love, and I—I will never forget. I will bless you always."

"I have lived for thirty-two years without a thought of any woman," he answered almost roughly, "and I do not think so lightly of love as even to wish to forget. Have you found it so easy?"

He knew the question was cruel, even as he spoke, but the words seemed dragged out of him.

"Me! Ah, no," she wailed; "but then it was not love I had to forget. But I must go."

"You must. Listen to me. There is something in my past, oh! so much, that is terrible, terrible. It can never be done away with, and it is such that, if you knew it, you would shudder at having known me; would thank God for your deliverance from me."

"I do not believe it," he said slowly, looking into her eyes with undimmed faith. Then, with a sudden new fear, "Forgive me, if I ask you one thing; is there any living love between you and me?"

"No," she answered; "there is misery and sin between me and everyone, but there is no love, living or dead."

"Then I will never give you up."

"Oh hush!" she cried almost wildly, and, before he could stop her, she had hurried away along the cliff.

Perceval did not attempt to follow her then—he felt it was wiser not to—but early the next day he made his way to the cottage in the valley, a strong determination in his heart.

He found the old couple to whom the cottage belonged sad and distressed, and was met by the astounding news that Mrs. Croft had left Pendize the previous evening.

She had caught the night train at the nearest station, had left no address, and had made no arrangements to return.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Brush With Pirates.

BY C. S. T.

PIRACY on the big seas is now, fortunately, a crime long since dead among Caucasian nations. We must go back to the early period of Marryat and Cooper, if we desire to know of the atrocities and iniquities committed by the hordes of lawless ruffians who used to infest the sea at the beginning of the present century, and carry on their merciless business of butchery and plunder.

Our brethren in the Celestial Empire, however, are slow to remove evils, and piracy with them seems to die hard.

The China Sea is, principally, the happy hunting-ground of those dastardly pirates: and Nature seems to have adapted it specially for that particular purpose.

Although the Chinese pirate is, as a rule, a most abject coward where white men are concerned, he is, at least, capable of striking terror into the hearts of his countrymen; and a couple of pirate junks, mounting but a single two pounder gun between them, have been known to blockade a port of four thousand inhabitants, and to plunder every ship that passed.

In another case, a pirate gang of five hundred, who had yielded to a rush of twenty or thirty bluejackets, had previously defied a native force of one thousand five hundred troops and forty war junks.

Directly, however, a small gunboat, manned by Caucasians, appeared upon the scene, their career was at an end.

Chinese piracy is, at times, almost a business. A pirate merchant, in the wholesale way, will infest certain villages on the seaboard or islands.

He will keep fifteen or twenty junks, with a corresponding retinue of ruffians; when he has secured his plunder, he stores it in safety.

A pirate in a small way of business, having once made a good haul, will divide the spoil, and then his followers immediately disperse, for fear of an attack from another gang.

An old traveller in the East tells the following narrative of a brush he had with Chinese pirates, when on his way, in a native junk, from Foo-choo-foo, by the mouth of the Min River, to Chusan. We relate it in the traveler's own words.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, and when we were some fifty or sixty miles from the Min, the captain and pilot came hurriedly down to my cabin, and informed me that they saw a number of "jan-douse" right astern and overhauling us.

I ridiculed the idea, and told them they imagined every junk they saw to be a pirate; but they still maintained that they were so, and I, therefore, considered it prudent to be prepared for the worst.

I got out of my bed, ill and feverish as I was, and carefully examined my firearms, clearing the nipples of my gun and pistols, and putting on fresh caps.

I also rammed down a ball upon the top of each charge of shot in my gun, and put a pistol in a side pocket, and patiently waited for the result.

By the aid of a small pocket telescope, I could see, as the nearest of the five junks approached, that her deck was crowded with men. I then had no longer any doubts regarding their intentions.

The scene around me was a strange one. The captain, pilot, and one or two native passengers, were taking up the boards of the cabin floor, and putting their money and other valuables out of sight among the ballast.

The common sailors, too, had their copper cash, or 'talen,' to hide, and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion.

When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended to be used instead of firearms when the pirates came to close quarters. This is a common mode of defence in various parts of China.

During the general bustle I missed my own servant for a short time. When he returned to me, he had made such a change in his appearance that I did not recognise him.

He was literally clothed in rags, which he had borrowed from the sailors, all of whom had also put on their worst clothes.

When I asked him the reason of this change in the outward man, he told me the pirates only made those prisoners who had money, and were likely to pay handsomely for their ransom, and that they would not think it worth their while to lay hold of a man in rags.

I was surrounded by several of the crew, who might well be called "Job's comforters," some suggesting one thing and some another, and many proposed that we should bring the junk round, and run back to the Min.

The nearest pirate was now within two hundred or three hundred yards of us, and, putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns.

All was now dismay and consternation on board our junk, as every man ran below except two, who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post, and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates.

"My gun is nearer you than those of the jan-douse," said I to the two men; "and if you move from the helm, depend upon it I will shoot you."

The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but, I suppose, thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post.

Large boards, heaps of old clothes, masts, and things of that sort which were at hand, were thrown up to protect us from the shot, and as we had every stitch of sail set, and a fair wind, we were going through the water at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour.

The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me.

Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question, for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck, and which, perhaps, might have been of some little use when the pirates came nearer.

The fair wind and all the press of sail we had crowded on the junk proved of no use; for our pursuers, who had much faster sailing vessels, were gaining rapidly upon us.

Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot this time fell under our stern. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect.

The third shot which followed this came whizzing over our heads and through the sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the wheel or myself.

The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize, and came down upon us, hooting and yelling like demons, at the same time loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot.

This was a moment of intense anxiety. The plan which I had formed from the first was now about to be put to the proof; and if the pirates were not the cowards which I believed them to be, nothing could save us from falling into their hands.

Their fearful yells seem to be ringing in my ears even now, after this lapse of time, and when I am on the other side of the globe.

The nearest junk was now within thirty yards of ours; their guns were now loaded, and I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks.

"Now," said I to our helmsmen, "keep your eyes fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot."

I knew that the pirate who was now on our stern could not bring his guns to bear upon us without putting his helm down, and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway.

I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting the helm down I ordered our steersmen to fall flat upon their faces behind some wood, and at the same time did so myself.

We had scarcely done so when bang, bang, went their guns, and the shot came whizzing close over us, splintering the wood about us in all directions. Fortunately none of us were struck.

"Now, they are quite close enough," cried out my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last.

I, being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk, and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks, fore and aft, with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun.

Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them they could not have been much more surprised; doubtless many were wounded and probably some killed.

At all events, the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who a moment before crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner. Another was now bearing down upon us as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner.

Having been so successful with the first, I determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to his firing until he should come to close quarters.

The plot now began to thicken, for the first junk had gathered way again and was following in our wake, although keeping at a respectful distance, and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could.

In the meantime, the second was almost along-side, and continued raking our deck in a steady manner with their guns.

Watching their helm as before, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could; at the same time, my two fellows, who were steering, kept begging and praying that I would fire into our pursuers, as soon as possible, or we should be all killed.

As soon as they came within twenty or thirty yards of us, I gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before.

This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two, I could see nothing but boards and shields which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves from my firing; their junk went up into the wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind us.

THE ORIGIN OF BANKS.—The origin of banks is not accurately known, but they are of great antiquity. They existed in China, Babylon, Greece, Rome, and other ancient nations long before the Christian era.

The oldest bank notes of which we have any record were issued in China so far back as 2697 B. C. Perhaps we should say that the first of these were issued by the Treasury, but it was not long before this business was passed over to banking companies, under Government inspection and control. The popular name of this paper currency was "flying money," or "convenient money." The form of these bank-bills was very similar to that of our own, except in the addition of mottoes, such as "Produce all you can; spend with economy." They bore the name of the bank, number of the note, value, place of issue, date, and signatures of the proper bank officers.

The value, in some cases at least, was expressed in figures, in words, and in pictorial representations, showing coins or ingots, equal in amount to the value of the paper. They bore also a notice of the penalties of counterfeiting.

A specimen issued in 1399 B. C. may be seen in the Asiatic Museum, St. Petersburg, printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree.

There were banks of deposit, loan, and exchange in Babylon, Greece, and Rome in very early days; but we are not so certain that they were banks of issue.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York there are Babylonian tablets of banking transactions, dating back to the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. The earliest of these tablets belongs to the year B. C. 601.

The earliest records of European banks now in existence are those of the Bank of Venice, founded A. D. 1171; the Bank of Barcelona, in 1401; the Bank of Geneva, in 1407; and the Bank of Amsterdam, in 1609.

AN ex-sufferer who says he has never known it to fail recommends the following treatment for cold feet: "Before you retire at night bathe your feet in water at a temperature of about 80 degrees. Hold them in the water ten minutes. Repeat this in the morning. The next day make the water 5 degrees colder, until it reaches the temperature of 38 degrees. When you find you can stand that, keep it up for a fortnight or so, and you will never be troubled with cold feet again. I have tried it myself and recommended it to about a hundred other sufferers, and it has succeeded every time. It's worth while trying."

Scientific and Useful.

POLISHED BRASS.—Polished brass may be kept absolutely bright and free from tarnish by thinly coating the articles with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

STRONG CEMENT.—To make a strong cement mix some finely powdered rice with cold water, so as to form a soft paste. Add boiling water, and finally boil the mixture in a pan for one or two minutes.

ENAMELLED BRICKS.—The beautiful enamelled bricks frequently used for outside or interior decoration, are made by applying to the surface a colored flux, which during the burning causes the silex to melt and form a vitreous covering. Very pretty effects may be produced by the use of these bricks.

THE ELECTRIC BELL.—The old time bell-rope that for years has adorned the ceiling of all cars is to be supplanted by a concealed wire, connected with push buttons, inside and outside the car, only a touch being needed to give the signal. Should a coupling break, the electric current is severed, and the gong in the cab warns the engineer of the fact. A test apparatus has been made on an Erie passenger train, and it has been found to work perfectly.

CHAFFED HANDS.—Wash the hands with fine soap, and before removing the soap scrub the hands with a tablespoonful of Indian meal, rinsing thoroughly with soft tepid water, using a little meal each time except the last; wipe the hands perfectly dry, then rinse them in a very little water containing a teaspoonful of glycerine, rubbing the hands together until the water has evaporated. The glycerine must be pure or it will irritate instead of healing.

ELECTRO-PLATE.—The tarnish which is apt to appear on electro-plated goods can, it is said, be removed by dipping the article in a pickle of the following composition: Rain water, two gallons, and potassium cyanuret one-half pound; dissolve together, and fill into a stone jug or jar and close tightly. The article, after having been immersed, must be taken out and thoroughly rinsed in several waters, then dried with clean fine sawdust. Tarnished jewelry can speedily be restored by this process; but be careful to thoroughly remove the alkali, otherwise it will corrode the goods.

ALUMINIUM.—Aluminium united with brass improves it by giving to it greater strength, ductility, and resistance to corrosive action. Castings made from it are sharper. Aluminium united with copper and nickel gives an alloy that closely resembles silver, which takes and holds an edge like steel, and for all uses it excels German silver, nickel-silver, britannia, white metal, etc. Aluminium united with silver gives an alloy that is not tarnished by sulphur, is tough, strong, light, and inexpensive as compared with pure silver. Aluminium united with iron produces an alloy 25 per cent. stronger than iron, and which oxidizes less quickly than iron.

Farm and Garden.

WINTER DISEASES.—As a rule more winter disease occur among poultry from top ventilation in the poultry-house than from any other cause. There is nothing more injurious to the hens than cold draughts of air at night.

WARM AND COLD.—It will pay to warm all slop or other soft food given cattle and hogs. The warm water not only stimulates and invigorates, but provides warmth for the body. Shelter and warm drinks on very cold days will save more food than will pay for the labor incurred, while the health of the stock will be promoted.

EXPOSURE.—The exposure of cows for an hour or two on cold days, while getting water causes the consumption and loss of many dollars' worth of food during the winter. Besides, it is much better that the animals should be able to drink without interference from others, and this can only be done by putting the water before the animal as it stands in its stall.

SCALDING.—When scalding hogs, if the water be too hot the hair will not come off as readily as if the temperature was lower. Boiling water discolors the skin. A temperature of 160° is warm enough for a young hog, but there are some hogs that require as high as 180°. A slab or smooth surface permits of the work being done in a cleaner manner than when a rough bench or table is used.

CUT-FLOWERS.—The following method of preserving cut-flowers has recently been published: An inverted glass shade is placed in a soup-plate or other non-porous vessel, and surrounded with water. The fresh-cut blossoms are then placed under the shade, and at the same moment a small quantity of spirit of chloroform, that is, chloric ether, is dropped into the water. Flowers thus treated will, it is said, keep fresh for months; but the operation of placing them beneath the shade and pouring the chloroform in must be done quickly.

DIFFERENCES IN FLESH.—The flesh of different examples of the same animals varies not only from breed or descent, as from age, but also from variety of feeding and exercise. That of the young animals is soft and gelatinous, the fibres being small, weak, and much interspersed with a substance termed, from its loose appearance, cellular tissue. This tissue exhibits, in the spaces between the muscles, small masses of delicate fat. The greater bulk of the latter is situated immediately beneath the skin. As the animal advances in age the fibres become firmer.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

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We would direct the attention of our friends and readers to the *marked reduction in our club rates* as given above, and respectfully ask those who are in the habit of getting up clubs for THE POST to enter the field soon as possible and try to increase their lists.

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Sample copies for the purpose will be sent to those who wish them.

Speech and Silence.

Much is said by the ancients in praise of taciturnity, but it is not greatly admired by the moderns. And, indeed, when we consider that it is often the effect of dulness and pride, it may admit some doubt whether it is worthy of praise.

There are various motives for taciturnity. Some persons are afraid of exposing themselves to danger, and others to contempt. It is certain that a man who communicates his thoughts with little reserve is very likely to say something which he may wish in vain to retract. A word once uttered can never be recalled; "and many an one, (says an ancient,) has repented of having spoken, but scarcely one of having kept silence."

But this regard for safety may certainly be carried too far. The extreme selfishness, from which reserve often proceeds, is by no means amiable. Caution is certainly necessary in what we utter, but it does not follow that the same caution should deter us from uttering at all.

Neither our words nor our affairs usually make that impression on others which our vanity is apt to conceive. If we are of such consequence as that our companions may find their interest in studying every part of our conversation and action, it will then become necessary to be oracular or silent. Or, if we are so unfortunate as to have chosen our companions among the base and treacherous, it will certainly be right to keep our mouths as it were with a bridle. But in this case the best advice that can be given is, to abandon the company in which we cannot confide.

In general we may conclude, that there is not so much danger in speaking if we take care to regulate our words by prudence, as to justify taciturnity.

Another cause of taciturnity is an excessive diffidence, and this quality is often found in men of the most amiable tempers and dispositions. Their feelings are so delicate, and their modesty so invincible, that though they are often the best qualified to make a good appearance in conversation, they give up all pretensions to excellence and content themselves with becoming hearers only.

This weakness, though excusable in itself, is yet injurious to society, as it prevents the communication of many ideas and opinions which are calculated to improve mankind and to sweeten the pleasures of friendly association.

But pride is a no less frequent cause of taciturnity than diffidence. There are many persons who think the company which they keep for the sake of ceremony, or in compliance with form, not worthy the honor of hearing the communication of their sapient cogitations. They observe, also, that silence gives the appearance of wisdom, and they are conscious that they possess no method of acquiring the character of wisdom so easily as by silence. This requires no exertion of ingenuity or invention, but is often the natural result of sullen pride and subtle artifice.

Pride is so often united with ill nature that they may be called inseparable companions; and it is undoubtedly true that taciturnity is frequently caused by ill-nature; but let not moroseness and sullenness, expressed by a haughty and contemptuous silence, pass for wisdom, virtue and erudition.

Stupidity is among the principal causes of taciturnity. If a subject arises which requires knowledge and elegance in its discussion, many persons are condemned to an involuntary silence. And, indeed, taciturnity in this case is the only quality which can appear to advantage; for to prate on subjects which we do not understand, evinces at once our vanity and our ignorance. A modest attempt, however, to take a part in such conversation cannot but deserve praise and encouragement. Questions may be asked with great advantage to the inquirer and without the least violation of decorum.

Upon the whole, we cannot but think it appears that taciturnity is by no means amiable or justifiable, except in cases of particular importance, in which judgment and common sense must ever dictate the proper behavior.

In early youth, indeed, silence is not only becoming, but the means of deriving improvement. He who is always talking in the company of his elders fills up that time with his own superficial remarks which might otherwise be employed in listening to the lessons of wisdom.

In general, it may be prescribed as a rule, that we ought not to communicate our ideas till we have reason to entertain a modest confidence that they are worthy of acceptance; but how shall we be able to judge whether our ideas are acceptable or not without making some probationary efforts, without trying experiments on our hearers attention? These experiments must, however, be made with modesty and delicacy. We must not talk long at first, nor frequently. With such cautions there is no doubt but that talkativeness is greatly to be preferred to taciturnity, both for our own and others' pleasure and improvement.

AT the end of every day we may acknowledge that we have failed to work out fully into all the details of the day the one purpose which has by the grace of God been the mainspring of our action, and that we have often chosen unsuitable means. But each day we learn better what will, and what will not, advance the purposes of God, and each day our one great purpose permeates more fully our entire thoughts, and more fully directs our entire activity. Moreover, each day brings to us fresh proofs of the faithfulness, power and love of God, and thus increases the strength of the faith with which we lay hold of all the benefits promised in His Word. This daily submission to the guidance of the Spirit brings us more completely under His holy influence, and, since our entire Christian life takes the form of devotion to God, all spiritual progress may be spoken of as growth in holiness.

THE highest position a man can occupy is that for which he is best fitted and in which he performs cheerfully the best work; the lowest is that for which he is not adapted and in which he is content to receive personal benefit for inferior performance. Society has not fully learned, in the matter of work, to pay honor always where honor is due—to distinguish gold from dross, the true from the false, the noble from the mean. When it does, the energy now employed in pushing and striving for coveted positions will be turned into the endeavor to make the work, that naturally falls to each one, as perfect of its kind and for its purpose as possible.

To be too independent with those we love is a mistake to be carefully avoided, for excessive independence is a barrier that checks sympathy as effectually as a rugged boulder stops the even flow of a limpid stream. To yield a little, taking and giving trifling services, not only affords mutual pleasure but serves to draw closer the silken threads of love, the tension of which, even with our most intimate ones, is apt sometimes to slacken, needing careful watching lest the threads snap entirely.

MAN'S sense of ignorance is one of the greatest of his gifts, for it is the secret of his wish to know. The whole structure and the whole furniture of his mind are adapted to this condition. The highest law of his being is to advance in wisdom and knowledge, and his sense of the presence and the power of things which he can only partially understand is an abiding witness of this law and an abiding incentive to its fulfilment.

MANY a one who in the great crisis of life has acted the hero's part has been shamefully overcome by some little sin or secret temptation. The sudden irritation and the stinging word carelessly spoken in the domestic circle, the chafing and trying episodes in the tedious routine of our daily work, these are the things that prove and weigh our manhood more than any other.

A TENDER-HEARTED and compassionate disposition which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable, and, though it never receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.

IF we did some little act of kindness every day what a beautiful record our years would present.

IT is better to go through life like a sunbeam than to chill those around us with the frost of ill nature.

The World's Happenings.

Florida has more than 200 cigar factories.

Sugar is put into cement to increase its strength.

President Grevy, of France, is a devoted smoker of a clay pipe.

A thriving business in hauling water is being done in Washington, Pa.

The "Daily Dinner Horn" is the name of a new paper at Paris, Texas.

A rooster that strums on the piano is exciting the good people of Salem, Ill.

A farmer near Middleton, Mich., has a yoke of oxen which he drives to harness.

The entire total of the Hebrew race on the surface of the globe is estimated at 6,000,000.

An Atlanta woman has been kept in jail 14 months over her sentence through a clerk's blunder.

A tramp, who has been in durance vile at Doylestown, Pa., gives his name as Smith Nobody.

The finest pork made in the world is that of the Madeira Islands, where the swine live principally on nuts.

There is a furniture dealer at Cadillac, Mich., who uses a double-ball column to advertise cut rates on coffins.

It takes 14,800,000 gallons of oil a year to keep the railways of Great Britain going, and the cost is nearly $2,000,000.

In the High School of Dedham, Mass., the experiment is being made of using newspapers instead of text books in the reading class.

A Columbia, Pa., lad who attempted to force a cartridge into a gun by pounding it with a stone, has since been nursing a shattered hand.

Some muscular thieves have managed to make off with a boiler weighing 1000 pounds, that was placed temporarily on a vacant lot in New York.

Colored candy is again causing trouble. Three children in Elizabeth, N. J., are reported to have been rendered ill by eating it—one of them critically.

Paper doors are said to be increasing in popularity. It is claimed they possess several advantages over wooden doors, and, besides, no more costly.

Two tramps who attempted to enter a residence in Rochester, N. Y., were held at bay by two plucky girls, with a revolver, until assistance arrived.

A Brooklyn cat is engaged in rearing an interesting family of puppies, having laid aside the prejudices which the feline race is supposed to have against dogs.

Church music in New York city, a local journal states, employs not far from 2,000 organists and vocalists, whose annual salaries amount to at least $250,000.

Tramps must be abandoning their luxurious style of living. The sad news comes from Connecticut that several of the fraternity, after killing a farmer's dog, made a meal off of it.

The only Chinaman, it is said, who was ever a prisoner in the Missouri penitentiary completed his term of sentence the other day and was set free. He served two years for stealing from a fellow Chinaman.

A sign in front of a store in the city of Bari, on the Adriatic Sea, in Italy, recommends to the public the following goods and services to be had from the proprietor: "Leeches, bread sold in slices or loaves, and tuition in mathematics."

Less than a year ago a Home of Rest for Horses was established by certain merciful persons in London, and since then more than 30 horses belonging to tradesmen and others in moderate circumstances have had rest and recreation.

A horse which fell 40 feet into "an old well," at Macon, Ga., and escaped injury, is subsisting on food thrown down to him, pending deliberation on the part of the owner as to the best means of bringing the animal to the surface.

An old widow, who had been supported by charity for 20 years, died lately near London, England. After her funeral there were found sewed in the pillow case almost two thousand dollars in silver and notes, some of the latter over 40 years old.

A carrier pigeon which flew into a shop at Spencer, Mass., had under his wing a paper bearing the request: "Give me some corn and water to drink and bathe and let me go." After the directions had been complied with the bird went on its way.

A Norwich, Conn., cocker spaniel that spent his early days in a family of children and had his face scrubbed regularly, will not now, in his old age, eat breakfast until his face has been washed. If his toilet is neglected he sits down and howls loud and long.

Glass blowers' cheeks become thin and lose their elasticity by continued blowing. They hang down like inverted pockets, and grow useless. It is a matter of record, it is said, that both here and in Europe glass-workers have blown holes through their cheeks.

A valuable watch, stolen from a Troy., Alabama, man in 1876, was recently returned to him. It transpired that, after carrying it for a while, the thief lost it in a woods, where it lay until found, six years later. The finder carried it alone until a few days ago, when he learned of the proper owner, and restored the timepiece to him.

A Chicago woman, following the example of her sex in the Eastern cities, has opened a clothes-mending bureau. She repairs all kinds of both ladies and gents' garments, and reports she is doing a thriving business. Her trade comes not alone from those who are without friends and relatives in the city. Large families, where the mother is kept almost constantly engaged, contribute a good proportion of it.

OVER THE SEA.

BY W. W. LONG.

Over the blue waves of the sea,
Winds are singing soft and low,
As the radiant sun, in his chariot of gold,
To his ocean couch rides slow.

Over the white sands, over the shells,
Blue waves sport like a child at play;
Dashing their soft foam at my feet,
As I watch the death of this sweet day.

Thought goes over the sea to thee,
Where all the love of my being lies,
Crowned with one sweet summer's bloom,
Under the glory of Southern skies.

Goresthorpe Grange.

BY A. D. CONOR.

I AM sure that Nature never intended me to be a self-made man. There are times when I can hardly bring myself to realize that twenty years of my life were spent behind the counter of a grocer's shop in the East End of London, and that it was through such an avenue that I reached a wealthy independence and the possession of Goresthorpe Grange.

My habits are Conservative, and my tastes refined and aristocratic. I have a soul which spurns the vulgar herd. Our family, the D'Odds, date back to a prehistoric era, as is to be inferred from the fact that their advent into British history is not commented on by any trustworthy historian.

Some instinct tells me that the blood of a Crusader runs in my veins. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, such exclamations as "By'r Lady!" rise naturally to my lips, and I feel that, should circumstances require it, I am capable of rising in my stirrups and dealing an infidel a blow—say with a mace—which would considerably astonish him.

Goresthorpe Grange is a feudal mansion—or so it was termed in the advertisement which originally brought it under my notice.

Its right to this adjective had a most remarkable effect upon its price, and the advantage gained may possibly be more sentimental than real.

Still, it is soothing to me to know that I have slits in my staircase through which I can discharge arrows; and there is a sense of power in the fact of possessing a complicated apparatus by means of which I am enabled to pour molten lead upon the head of the casual visitor. These things chime in with my peculiar humor, and I do not grudge to pay for them. I am proud of my battlements and of the circular uncovered sewer which girds me round.

I am proud of my portcullis and donjon and keep. There is but one thing wanting to round off the mediævalism of my abode, and to render it symmetrically and completely antique. Goresthorpe Grange is not provided with a ghost.

Any man with old-fashioned tastes and ideas as to how such establishments should be conducted would have been disappointed at the omission.

In my case it was particularly unfortunate. From my childhood I had been an earnest student of the supernatural, and a firm believer in it. I have revelled in ghostly literature until there is hardly a tale bearing upon the subject which I have not perused.

I learned the German language for the sole purpose of mastering a book upon demonology. When an infant I have secreted myself in dark rooms in the hope of seeing some of those bogies with which my nurse used to threaten me; and the same feeling is as strong in me now as then.

It was a proud moment when I felt that a ghost was one of the luxuries which my money might command.

It is true that there was no mention of an apparition in the advertisement.

On reviewing the mildewed walls, however, and shadowy corridors, I had taken it for granted that there was such a thing on the premises. As the presence of a kennel presupposes that of a dog, so I imagined that it was impossible that such desirable quarters should be untenanted by one or more restless shades.

Good heavens, what can the noble family from whom I purchased it have been doing these hundreds of years! Was there no member of it spirited enough to make away with his sweetheart, or take some other steps calculated to establish a hereditary spectre? Even now I can hardly write with patience upon the subject.

For a long time I hoped against hope. Never did rat squeak behind the wainscot, or rain drip upon the attic-floor, without a wild thrill shooting through me as I thought that at last I had come upon traces of some unquiet soul. I felt no touch of fear upon these occasions. If it occurred in the night-time, I would send Mrs. D'Odd—who is a strong-minded woman—to investigate the matter while I covered up my head with the bedclothes and indulged in an ecstasy of expectation. Alas, the result was always the same! The suspicious sound would be traced to some cause so absurdly natural and commonplace that the most fervid imagination could not clothe it with any of the glamor of romance.

I might have reconciled myself to this state of things had it not been for Jorricks of Havistock Farm. Jorrocks is a coarse, burly, matter-of-fact fellow whom I only happen to know through the accidental circumstance of his fields adjoining my demesne. Yet this man, though utterly devoid of all appreciation of archæological unities, is in possession of a well authenticated and undeniable spectre. Its existence only dates back, I believe, to the reign of the Second George, when a young lady cut her throat upon hearing of the death of her lover at the battle of Dettingen. Still, even that gives the house an air of respectability, especially when coupled with bloodstains upon the floor.

Jorrocks is densely unconscious of his good fortune; and his language when he reverts to the apparition is painful to listen to. He little dreams how I covet every one of those moans and nocturnal wails which he describes with unnecessary objurgation.

Things are indeed coming to a pretty pass when democratic spectres are allowed to desert the landed proprietors and annul every social distinction by taking refuge in the houses of the great unrecognized.

I have a large amount of perseverance. Nothing else could have raised me into my rightful sphere, considering the uncongenial atmosphere in which I spent the earlier part of my life.

I felt now that a ghost must be secured, but how to set about securing one was more than either Mrs. D'Odd or myself was able to determine. My reading taught me that such phenomena are usually the outcome of crime.

What crime was to be done, then, and who was to do it? A wild idea entered my mind that Watkins, the house-steward, might be prevailed upon—for a consideration—to immolate himself or some one else in the interests of the establishment. I put the matter to him in a half jesting manner; but it did not seem to strike him in a favorable light.

The other servants sympathized with him in his opinion—at least, I cannot account in any other way for their having left the house in a body the same afternoon.

"My dear," Mrs. D'Odd remarked to me one day after dinner, as I sat moodily sipping a cup of sack—I love the good old names—"my dear, that odious ghost of Jorrocks' has been gibbering again."

"Let it gibber!" I answered recklessly.

Mrs. D'Odd struck a few chords on her virginal and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"I'll tell you what it is, Argentine," she said at last, using the pet name which he usually substituted for Silas, "we must have a ghost sent down from London."

"How can you be so idiotic, Matilda?" I remarked severely. "Who could get us such a thing?"

"My cousin, Jack Brocket, could," she answered confidently.

Now, this cousin of Matilda's was rather a sore subject between us. He was a rakish clever young fellow, who had tried his hand at many things, but wanted perseverance to succeed at any.

He was, at that time, in chambers in London, professing to be a general agent, and really living, to a great extent, upon his wits. Matilda managed so that most of our business should pass through his hands, which certainly saved me a great deal of trouble; but I found that Jack's commission was generally considerably larger than all the other items of the bill put together.

It was this fact which made me feel inclined to rebel against any further negotiations with the young gentleman.

"O yes, he could," insisted Mrs. D., seeing the look of disapprobation upon my face. "You remember how well he managed the business about the crest?"

"It was only a resuscitation of the old family coat-of-arms, my dear," I protested.

Matilda smiled in an irritating manner. "There was a resuscitation of the family portraits, too, dear," she remarked. "You must allow that Jack selected them very judiciously."

I thought of the long line of faces which adorned the walls of my banqueting-hall, from the burly Norman robber, through every gradation of casque, plume, and ruff, to the sombre Chesterfieldian individual who appears to have staggered against a pillar in his agony at the return of a maiden ma. which he grips convulsively in his right hand.

I was fain to confess that in that instance he had done his work well, and that it was only fair to give him an order—with the usual commission—for a family spectre, should such a thing be attainable.

It is one of my maxims to act promptly when once my mind is made up. Noon of the next day found me ascending the spiral stone staircase which leads to Mr. Brocket's chambers, and admiring the succession of arrows and fingers upon the whitewashed wall, all indicating the direction of that gentleman's sanctum. As it happened, artificial aids of the sort were entirely unnecessary, as an animated flapdance overhead could proceed from no other quarter, though it was replaced by a deathly silence as I groped my way up the stair.

The door was opened by a youth evidently astounded at the appearance of a client, and I was ushered into the presence of my young friend, who was writing furiously in a large ledger—upside down, as I afterward discovered.

After the first greetings, I plunged into business at once.

"Look here, Jack," I said, "I want you to get me a spirit, if you can."

"Spirits you mean!" shouted my wife's cousin, plunging his hand into the waste-paper basket and producing a bottle with the celerity of a conjuring trick. "Let's have a drink!"

I held up my hand as a mute appeal against such a proceeding so early in the day; but on lowering it again I found that I had almost involuntarily closed my fingers round the tumbler which my adviser had pressed upon me.

I drank the contents hastily off, lest any one should come in upon us and set me down as a topor. After all there was something very amusing about the young fellow's eccentricities.

"Not spirits," I explained smiling; "an apparition—a ghost. If such a thing is to had, I should be very willing to negotiate."

"A ghost for Goresthorpe Grange?" inquired Mr. Brocket, with as much coolness as if I had asked for a drawing-room suite.

"Quite so," I answered.

"Easiest thing in the world," said my companion, filling up my glass again in spite of my remonstrance. "Let us see!" Here he took down a large red note-book, with all the letters of the alphabet in a fringe down the edge. "A ghost you said, didn't you? That's G. G—gems—gimlets—gaspipes—gauntlets—guns—galleys. Ah, here we are. Ghosts. Volume nine, section six, page forty-one. Excuse me!" And Jack run up a ladder and began rummaging among a pile of ledgers on a high shelf.

I felt half inclined to empty my glass into the spittoon when his back was turned; but on second thoughts I disposed of it in a legitimate way.

"Here it is!" cried my London agent, jumping off the ladder with a crash, and depositing an enormous volume of manuscript upon the table. "I have all things tabulated, so that I may lay my hands upon them in a moment. It's all right—it's quite weak" (here he filled our glasses again). "What were we looking up, again?"

"Ghosts," I suggested.

"Of course; page 41. Here we are. 'J. H. Fowler & Son, Dunkel Street, suppliers of mediums to the nobility and gentry; charms sold—love-philtres—mummies—horoscopes cast.' Nothing in your line there, I suppose?"

I shook my head despondingly.

"Frederick Tabb," continued my wife's cousin, "sole channel of communication between the living and the dead. Proprietor of the spirits of Byron, Kirk White, Grimaldi, Tom Cribb, and Inigo Jones. That's about the figure!"

"Nothing romantic enough there," I objected. "Good heavens! Fancy a ghost with a black eye and a handkerchief tied round its waist, or turning summersaults, and saying, 'How are you to-morrow?' The very idea made me so warm that I emptied my glass and filled it again.

"Here is another," said my companion, 'Christopher McCarthy; bi-weekly seances—attended by all the eminent spirits of ancient and modern times. Nativities—charms—abracadabras, messages from the dead.' He might be able to help us. However, I shall have a hunt round myself to-morrow, and see some of these fellows. I know their haunts, and it's odd if I can't pick up something cheap. So there's an end of business," he concluded, hurling the ledger into the corner, "and now we'll have something to drink."

We had several things to drink—so many that my inventive faculties were dulled next morning, and I had some little difficulty in explaining to Mrs. D'Odd why it was that I hung my boots and spectacles upon a peg along with my other garments before retiring to rest.

The new hopes excited by the confident manner in which my agent had undertaken the commission caused me to rise superior to alcoholic reaction, and I paced about the rambling corridors and old-fashioned rooms, picturing to myself the appearance of expected acquisition, and deciding what part of the building would harmonize best with its presence.

After much consideration, I pitched upon the banqueting-hall as being, on the whole, most suitable for its reception. It was a long low room, hung round with valuable tapestry and interesting relics of the old family to whom it had belonged.

Coats of mail and implements of war glimmered fitfully as the light of the fire played over them, and the wind crept under the door, moving the hangings to and fro with a ghastly rustling.

At one end there was the raised dais, on which in ancient times the host and his guests used to spread their table, while a descent of a couple of steps led to the lower part of the hall, where the vassals and retainers held wassail. The floor was uncovered by any sort of carpet, but a layer of rushes had been scattered over it by my direction.

In the whole room there was nothing to remind one of the nineteenth century; except, indeed, my own solid silver plate, stamped with the resuscitated family arms, which was laid out upon an oak table in the centre.

This, I determined, should be the haunted room, supposing my wife's cousin to succeed in his negotiation with the spirit-mongers. There was nothing for it now but to wait patiently until I heard some news of the result of his inquiries.

A letter came in the course of a few days, which, if it was short, was at least encouraging. It was scribbled in pencil on the back of a playbill, and sealed apparently with a tobacco-stopper. "Am on the track," it said. "Nothing of the sort to be had from any professional spiritualist, but picked up a fellow in a pub yesterday who says he can manage it for you. Will send him down unless you wire to the contrary. Abrahams is his name, and he has done one or two of these jobs before."

The letter wound up with some incoherent allusions to a cheque, and was signed by my affectionate cousin, John Brocket.

I need hardly say that I did not wire, but awaited the arrival of Mr. Abrahams with all impatience.

In spite of my belief in the supernatural, I could scarcely credit the fact that any mortal could have such a command over the spirit-world as to deal in them and barter them against merely earthly gold. Still, I had Jack's word for it that such a trade existed; and here was a gentleman with a Judaical name ready to demonstrate it by proof positive.

How vulgar and commonplace Jorrocks' eighteenth-century ghost would appear should I succeed in securing a real mediæval apparition!

I almost thought that one had been sent down in advance, for, as I walked round the moat that night before retiring to rest, I came upon a dark figure engaged in surveying the machinery of my portcullis and drawbridge.

His start of surprise, however, and the manner in which he hurried off into the darkness, speedily convinced me of his earthly origin, and I put him down as some admirer of one of my female retainers mourning over the muddy Hellespont which divided him from his love.

Whoever he may have been, he disappeared and did not return, though I loitered about for some time in the hope of catching a glimpse of him and exercising my feudal rights upon his person.

Jack Brocket was as good as his word. The shades of another evening were beginning to darken round Goresthorpe Grange, when a peal at the outer bell, and the sound of a fly pulling up, announced the arrival of Mr. Abrahams. I hurried down to meet him, half expecting to see a choice assortment of ghosts crowding in at his rear.

Instead, however, of being the sallow-faced melancholy-eyed man that I had pictured to myself, the ghost-dealer was a

Our Young Folks.

TREADING ON BREAD.

BY HANS ANDERSAN.

YOU have doubtless heard of the girl who trod upon bread, not to soil her pretty shoes, and what evil this brought upon her. The tale is both written and printed.

She was a poor child, but proud and vain. She had a bad disposition, people said. When she was a little more than an infant, it was a pleasure to her to catch flies, to pull off their poor little wings, and make them entirely.

She used, when somewhat older, to take lady-birds and beetles, stick them all upon a pin, then put a large leaf or a piece of paper close to their feet, so that the poor things held fast to it, and turned and twisted in their endeavors to get off the cruel pin.

"Now the lady-birds shall read," said little Inger. "See how they turn the paper!"

As she grew older she became worse instead of better; but she was very beautiful, and that was her misfortune. She would have been punished otherwise, and in the long run she was.

"You will bring evil on your own head," said her mother. "As a little child you used often to tear my aprons; I fear that when you are older you will then break my heart."

And she did so sure enough.

At length she went into the country to wait on people of distinction. They were as kind to her as if she had been one of their own family; and she was so well dressed that she looked very pretty, and became extremely arrogant.

When she had been a year in service her employers said to her—

"You should go and visit your relations, little Inger."

She went; resolved to let them see how fine she had become. When, however, she reached the village, and saw the lads and lasses gossiping together near the pond, and her mother sitting close by on a stone, resting her head against a bundle of firewood which she had picked up in the forest, Inger turned her back.

She felt ashamed that she who was dressed so smartly should have for her mother such a ragged creature, one who gathered sticks for her fire. It gave her no concern that she was expected—she was so vexed.

A half year more had passed.

"You must go home some day and see your old parents, little Inger," said the mistress of the house. "Here is a large loaf of white bread—you can carry this to them; they will be rejoiced to see you once more."

And Inger put on her best clothes and her nice new shoes, and she lifted her dress high, and walked so carefully, that she might not soil her garments or her feet. There was no harm at all in that.

But when she came to where the path went over some damp marshy ground, and there were water and mud in the way, she threw the bread into the mud, in order to step upon it and get over with dry shoes; but just as she had placed one foot on the bread, and had lifted the other up, the bread sank in with her deeper and deeper, till she was entirely down, and nothing was to be seen but a black bubbling pool. That is the story.

What became of the girl? She went below to the "Old Woman of the Bogs," who brews down there. The Old Woman of the Bogs is aunt of the fairies. They are very well known.

Many poems have been written about them, and they have been printed; but nobody knows anything more of the Old Woman of the Bogs than that, when the meadows and the ground begins to reek in summer, it is the old woman below who is brewing.

Into her brewery it was that Inger sank, and no one could hold out very long there. Every vessel is redolent of horrible smells, which would make any human being faint, and they are packed closely together and over each other.

But even if there were a small space among them which one might creep through, it would be impossible, on account of all the slimy toads and snakes that are always crawling and forcing themselves through.

Into this place little Inger sank. All this nauseous mass was so ice-cold that she shivered in every limb. Yes, she became stiffer and stiffer. The bread stuck fast to her, and it drew her as an amber bead draws a slender thread.

The Old Woman of the Bogs was at home. The brewery was that day visited by the devil and his dam, and she was a venomous old creature who was never idle.

She never went out without having some needle-work with her. She had brought some there. She was sewing running leather to put into the shoes of human beings so that they never should be at rest.

She embroidered lies, and worked up into mischief and discord thoughtless words, that otherwise would have fallen to the ground. Yes, she knew how to sew and embroider, and transfer with a vengeance, that old grandam.

She beheld Inger, put on her spectacles and looked at her.

"That is a girl with talents," said she. "I shall ask for her as a souvenir of my visit here; she may do well as a statue to ornament my great-grand-children's antechamber," and she took her.

It was thus little Inger went to the infernal regions. People do not generally go straight through the air to them; they can go by a roundabout path when they know the way.

It was an antechamber in an infinity. One became giddy there at looking forwards, and giddy at looking backwards, and there stood a crowd of anxious, pining beings, who were waiting and hoping for the time when the gates of grace should be opened. They would have indeed long to wait.

Hideous, large, waddling spiders wove thousands of webs over their feet; and these webs were like gins or foot-screws, and held them as fast as chains of iron, and were a cause of disquiet to every soul—a painful annoyance.

Misers stood there, and lamented that they had forgotten the keys of their money chests. It would be too tiresome to repeat all the complaints and troubles that were poured forth there.

Inger thought it shocking to stand there like a statue; she was, as it were fastened to the ground by the bread.

"This comes of wishing to have clean shoes," said she to herself. "See how they all stare at me!"

Yes, they did all stare at her; their evil passions glared from their eyes, and spoke, without sound, from the corners of their mouths; they were frightful.

"It must be a pleasure to them to see me," thought little Inger. "I have a pretty face, and am well dressed;" and she dried her eyes. She had not lost her conceit. She had not then perceived how her fine clothes had been soiled in the brewhouse of the Old Woman of the Bog. Her dress was covered with dabs of nasty matter; a snake had wound itself among her hair, and it dangled over her neck; and from every fold in her garment peeped out a toad that puffed like an asthmatic lap-dog. It was very disagreeable. "But all the rest down here look horrid too," was the reflection with which she consoled herself.

But the worst of all was the dreadful hunger she felt. Could she not stoop down and break off a piece of the bread on which she was standing?

No; her back was stiffened; her hands and her arms were stiffened; her whole body was like a statue of stone; she could only move her eyes, and these she could turn entirely around, and that was an ugly sight.

Flies came and crept over her eyes backwards and forwards. She winked her eyes but the intruders did not fly away, for they could not—their wings had been pulled off. That was another misery added to the hunger—the gnawing hunger that was so terrible to bear!

"If this goes on I cannot hold out much longer," she said.

But she had to hold out, and her sufferings became greater.

Then a warm tear fell upon her head. It trickled over her face and her neck, all the way down to the bread. Another tear fell, then many followed.

Who was weeping over little Inger? Had she not a mother up yonder on the earth?

The tears of anguish which a mother sheds over her erring child always reach it; but they do not comfort the child—they burn, they increase the suffering.

And oh! this intolerable hunger, yet not to be able to snatch one mouthful of the bread she was treading under foot! She became as thin, as slender as a reed.

Another trial was that she heard distinctly all that was said of her above on the earth, and it was nothing but blame and evil.

Though her mother wept and was in much affliction, she still said—

"Pride goes before a fall. That was your great fault, Inger. Oh, how miserable you have made your mother!"

Her mother, and all who were acquainted with her were well aware of the sin she had committed in treading upon bread. They knew that she had sunk into the bog and was lost; the cowherd had told that, for he had seen it himself from the brow of the hill.

"What affliction you have brought on your mother, Inger!" exclaimed her mother. "Ah, well! I expected no better from you."

"Would that I had never been born!" thought Inger; "that would have been much better for me. My mother's whimpering can do no good now."

She heard how the family, the people of distinction who had been so kind to her, spoke.

"She was a wicked child," they said. "She valued not the gifts of our Lord, but trod them under her feet. It will be difficult for her to get the gates of grace open to admit her."

"They ought to have brought me up better," thought Inger. "They should have taken the whims out of me, if had any."

She heard that there was a common ballad made about her, "the bad girl who trod upon bread, to keep her shoes nicely clean," and this ballad was sung from one end of the country to the other.

"That any one should have to suffer so much for such as that—be punished so severely for such a trifle!" thought Inger. "All these others are punished justly, for no doubt there was a great deal to punish; but ah, how I suffer!"

And her heart became still harder than the substance into which she had been turned.

"No one can be better in such society. I will not grow better here. See how they glare at me!"

And her heart became still harder, and she felt a hatred towards all mankind.

"They have a nice story to tell up there now. Oh, how I suffer!"

She listened, and heard them telling her history as a warning to children, and the little ones called her "ungodly Inger." "She was so naughty," they said, "so very wicked, that she deserved to suffer."

The children always spoke harshly of her. One day, however, that hunger and misery were gnawing her most dreadfully, and she heard her name mentioned, and her story told to an innocent child—a little girl—she observed that the child burst into tears in her distress for the proud, finely dressed Inger.

"But will she never come up again?" asked the child.

The answer was—

"She will never come up again."

"But if she will beg pardon, and promise never to be naughty again?"

"But she will not beg pardon," they answered.

"Oh, how I wish she would do it!" the little girl sobbed in great distress. "I will give my doll, and my doll's house too, if she may come up! It is so shocking for poor little Inger to be down there!"

These words touched Inger's heart; they seemed almost to make her good. It was the first time any one had said "poor Inger," and had not dwelt upon her faults. An innocent child cried and prayed for her!

She was so much affected by this that she felt inclined to weep herself; but she could not, and this was an additional pain.

Years passed on in the earth above; but down where she was there was no change, except that she heard more and more rarely sounds from above, and that she herself was more seldom mentioned.

At last one day she heard a sigh, and "Inger, Inger, how miserable you have made me! I foretold that you would!" Those were her mother's last words on her deathbed.

And again she heard herself named by her former employers, and her mistress said.—

"Perhaps I may meet you once more, Inger. None know whither they are to go."

But Inger knew full well that her excellent mistress would never come to the place where she was.

Time passed on, and on, slowly and wretchedly. Then once more Inger heard her name mentioned, and she became as it were, directly above her, two clear stars shining.

These were two mild eyes that were closing upon earth. So many years had elapsed since a little girl had cried in childish sorrow over "poor Inger," that that child had become an old woman, whom our Lord was now about to call to himself. At that hour, when the thoughts and the actions of a whole life stand in review before the parting soul, she remembered how, as a little child, she had wept bitterly on hearing the history of Inger.

That time, and those feelings, stood so prominently before the woman's mind in the hour of death, and she cried with intense emotion,—

"Lord, my God! have not I often, like Inger, trod under foot Thy blessed gifts and placed no value on them? Have I not often been guilty of pride and vanity in my secret heart? But Thou, in Thy mercy, didst not let me sink: Thou didst hold me up. Oh, forsake me not in my last hour!"

And the aged woman's eyes closed, and her spirit's eyes opened to what had been formerly invisible; and as Inger had been present in her last thoughts, she beheld her, and perceived how deep she had been dragged downwards.

At that sight the gentle being burst into tears; and in the kingdom of heaven she stood like a child, and wept for the fate of the unfortunate Inger. Her tears and her prayers sounded like an echo down in the hollow form that confined the imprisoned, miserable soul.

That soul was overwhelmed by the unexpected love from those remaining afar. One of God's angels wept for her?

Why was this vouchsafed to her? The tortured spirit gathered, as it were, into one thought, all the actions of its life—all that it had done; and it shook with the violence of its remorse—remorse such as Inger had never felt.

Grief became her predominating feeling. She thought that for her the gates of mercy would never open, and as in deep contrition and self-abasement she thought thus, a ray of brightness penetrated into the dismal abyss—a ray more vivid and glorious than the sunbeams which thaw the snow figures that the children make in their gardens. And this ray, more quickly than the snowflake that falls upon a child's warm mouth can be melted into a drop of water, caused Inger's petrified figure to evaporate, and a little bird arose, following the zigzag course of the ray, up towards the world that mankind inhabit.

But it seemed afraid and shy of everything around it; it felt ashamed of itself; and apparently wishing to avoid all living creatures, it sought, in haste, concealment in a dark recess in a crumbling wall. Here it sat, and it crept into the farthest corner, trembling all over.

It could not sing, for it had no voice. For a long time it sat quietly there before it ventured to look out and behold all the beauty around.

Yes, it was beauty! The air was so fresh, yet so soft; the moon shone so clearly; the trees and the flowers scented so sweetly; and it was so comfortable where she sat—her feather garb so clean and nice!

How all creation told of love and glory! The grateful thoughts that awoke in the bird's breast she would willingly have poured forth in song, but the power was denied to her.

Yes, gladly would she have sung as do the cuckoo and nightingale in spring. Our gracious Lord, who hears the mute worm's hymn of praise, understood the thanksgiving that lifted itself up in the tones of thought, as the psalm floated in David's mind before it resolved itself into words and melody.

As weeks passed on, these unexpressed feelings of gratitude increased. They would surely find a voice some day, with the first stroke of the wing, to perform some good act. Might not this happen?

Now came the holy Christmas festival. The peasants raised a pole close by the old wall, and bound an unthrashed bundle of oats on it, that the birds of the air might also enjoy the Christmas, and have plenty to eat at that time which was held in commemoration of the redemption brought to mankind.

And the sun rose brightly that Christmas morning, and shone upon the oat-sheaf, and upon all the chirping birds that flew around the pole; and from the wall issued a faint twittering.

The swelling thoughts had at last found vent, and the low sound was a hymn of joy, as the bird flew forth from its hiding-place.

The winter was an unusually severe one. The waters were frozen thickly over; the birds and the wild animals in the woods had great difficulty in obtaining food. The little bird, that had so recently left its dark solitude, flew about the country roads, and when it found by chance a little corn dropped in the ruts, it would eat only a single grain itself, while it called all the starving sparrows to partake of it.

It would also fly to the villages and towns, and look well about; and where kind hands had strewed crumbs of bread outside the windows for the birds, it would eat only one morsel itself, and give all the rest to the others.

At the end of the winter the bird had found and given away so many crumbs of bread, that the number put together would have weighed as much as the loaf upon which little Inger had trodden in order to save her fine shoes from being soiled; and when she had found and given away the very last crumb, the grey wings of the bird became white, and expanded wonderfully.

"It is flying over the sea!" exclaimed the children who saw the white bird.

Now it seemed to dip into the ocean, now it arose in the clear sunshine; it glittered in the air; it disappeared high, high above; and the children said that it had flown up to the sun.

THE CHERRY FEAST.—In the month of July there was annually celebrated, for four centuries, at Hamburg, in Germany, a strange festival, know as "The Cherry Feast." It was for the most part confined to young folks, who, when cherries were ripe, usually early in the month, marched through the streets of the town bearing branches laden with ripe, luscious fruit. Like every other ceremony it celebrates an event, which has not yet been forgotten. In the year 1482 a great Hussite army besieged the city of Hamburg, under the command of Procopius the Great. The war had raged for many years, and on both sides it had become both bitter and cruel.

When they saw the army outside their walls the people of Hamburg became extremely frightened, as they could not hope to hold out long against such odds. A council of chief citizens was held to devise some method of saving the town.

Nothing seemed feasible until some one suggested that they should send out all the little children, for, said one, "the sight will surely melt the hearts of the soldiers, and they will do us no harm."

The suggestion was acted upon, and all the children of the town were gathered together from their houses and set in marching order. The gates of the city were opened, and they were told to march out to the army. Great was the surprise of the army to see the gates of the city swing open; but greater still their surprise when they saw march out an army of little children, clad in white. When they heard the pattering of the tiny feet, and when the little ones drew up timidly before the tents, the warriors were fairly conquered, and tears filled their eyes. They, who had come to rob, kill and burn threw down their arms, and, gathering beautiful branches full of fruit off the cherry trees, sent the children back to their parents with those branches and a message of peace, which was faithfully observed. The children won a great and bloodless victory, and in commemoration of it, these branches were until recently, if not now, carried through the streets by the little children.

A story is told of a gentleman who had a dog of which he was very proud. The animal was troubled with fleas. To rid the dog of the fleas, a friend advised the use of kerosene. After using it on the dog the gentleman returned home and found seven fleas on his door step, and they all looked up in his face as if to say: "Well, when are you going to get us another dog?"

A DENIZEN of Ontonagon county Michigan, while chopping a hollow tree, was surprised to find blood on his axe and to hear growls issuing from the trunk. A moment later he saw the head of a large bear coming out of the opening. He soon killed the animal with his axe.

Why is Canada like courtship?—Because it borders on the United States.

IN VANITY FAIR.

BY FLORENCE TYLER

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a peddler opened his tempting pack,
Crying: "O, my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?
Here's many a ware
Costly and rare.
Come, buy—oh, come, buy!
In Vanity Fair."

"Silks and satins are not for me,
Lace is for damsels of high degree,
Trinkets would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a broidered gown;
But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair.

"Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me for evermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow and joy will be still the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care,
Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair."

"Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,"
The peddler said; "but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair."

TRAITS HANDED DOWN.

The strength of the law which determines the transmission of character—physical or otherwise—from parents to children is still far from receiving due attention and recognition.

One of the most singular instances is that recorded by Decandolle. There was a family in France, of which the leading representative could, when a youth, pitch several books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone, and he used to win wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and his three children possessed the same power to the same unusual degree.

Haller, the celebrated physiologist, records that the family of the Bentivoglio all possessed a tumor which used to swell when a damp wind blew, and this strange peculiarity was transmitted from father to son.

The frequency among the Romans of surnames indicating some physical peculiarity—Naso, Nosey; Labeo, Lippy; Bucco, Cheeky—would seem to show the fact of certain types of feature being transmitted through several generations had already been remarked. This fact lies almost unnoticed under many current forms of expression.

We speak of a certain type of face being aristocratic or the reverse, by which we mean that physical features characterizing certain classes are transmitted so surely as to become the recognized appendages of those classes. The aristocracy of Western Europe pride themselves upon possessing and transmitting small hands, the outward and visible sign of long exemption from manual labor. The aristocracy of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. The implication in each case is the same.

We often speak of "blue blood" without any clear idea of the meaning of the expression. The phrase probably arose from the recognition of the fact, that the aristocratic and luxurious classes, who are exempt from actual labor, possess a fine, clear skin, through which the veins show themselves clearly, and that this peculiarity is transmitted from generation to generation.

It is a fact of history that Frederick-William I. of Prussia succeeded in producing a stock of gigantic grenadiers by matching his tallest soldiers with women of similar proportions.

When we turn to the lower animals, the instances of striking peculiarities being inherited are still more numerous. A breed of cattle once existed which possessed only one horn, and this was transmitted. A one-antlered stag has been known to propagate this peculiarity in his offspring. A rabbit produced a litter in which one of the young was one-eared, and this was transmitted.

Many of the most famous breeds of sheep and cattle have arisen through the accidental appearance of some striking peculiarity of structure, which has been preserved by careful selection and breeding.

Thus the well known Ancon, or otter-breed of sheep, now extinct, arose in the last century, in Massachusetts, by the accidental birth of a ram characterised by a long back like a turnspit, and crooked legs. These peculiarities rendered him unable to leap fences, and, as this was a point of great importance to the early settlers, this ram was selected for breeding, and his abnormalities of structure were faithfully transmitted.

To return to human kind, a case is on record of a man who possessed the habit of sleeping on his back with the right leg crossed over the left. His daughter, while still an infant in the cradle, exhibited the same peculiarity.

A case has been reported of a man who had the habit of alternately flexing and extending his great toe while lying in bed. His grandson developed the same habit, though quite ignorant of his grandfather's peculiarity.

Ribot records a curious instance of a domestic servant who exhibited an incurable vice of loquacity. She talked incessantly to any one who would listen, to animals, to inanimate objects, and even to herself. When upbraided with her folly, she said it was not her fault, as her father had possessed just the same habit, and had almost driven her mother distracted by it.

Instinct is strongly hereditary in animals, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. Ducklings hatched by a hen take to water immediately on breaking their shell; and every one is familiar with the spectacle of the distracted mother running wildly to and fro on the margin of the duck-pond, while her youthful family, heedless of her terror, disport themselves delightedly upon its surface.

If the eggs of the wild-duck be placed under one of the domesticated species, the young, when their feathers are complete, immediately take to the wing. Also, birds hatched in confinement construct in their cages the same kind of nest as their more fortunate brethren of the same species build in the virgin forest.

Many curious and apparently mysterious facts are explicable on the hypothesis of the permanence, under changed conditions, of traces of aboriginal instincts. Thus, the domesticated dog, even when thoroughly well cared for, is very fond of burying a bone in some secret spot—a lingering trace, probably, of the time when he ran wild in the woods, and the secreting of superfluous food for a future occasion was a matter of practical importance to him.

The squirrel, too, when reared in confinement, stores away in a corner of its cage a portion of the nuts supplied to it, an instinctive preparation for the coming winter, unnecessary, indeed, for this individual squirrel, but highly important for its ancestors and congeners living in the wild state.

Grains of Gold.

Conscience is the pulse of reason.

It is better to do well than to say well.

A moment of time is too valuable to waste.

The friendship of the artful is more self-interest.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

Passion is a bad counselor, and generally a bad speaker.

You will never find a friend if you must have one without failings.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Never give confidence to any one who tells you of any private affairs of another.

Repent in order that you may not sin; but never sin in order that you may repent.

Sorrows are our best educators. A man may see farther through a tear than a telescope.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with the business of others.

Envy not the appearance of happiness of any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

It isn't the attainment that always measures character. Sometimes it is the struggle for attainment.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds, therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

What a vanity is painting, which attracts admiration by the resemblance of things, that in the original we do not admire!

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small collations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

Femininities.

Veils are coming back into favor.

Mussel shells of silver make unique salt holders.

Gold handled umbrellas are coming into fashion.

A golden street lamp top, with a diamond for the light, makes an attractive scarf pin.

Where ten women are tempted, two only fall. Where ten men are tempted, two only stand.

It would be well if every woman could be a good reader, a good listener, and a good nurse.

A miniature barrel filled with pearls and hanging in the centre of a coil of rope is a novelty in brooches.

"I do wish," remarked the white horse, wearily, "that auburn-haired girls would try and keep in-doors more."

A Tennessee paper will be given free for one year to the man who will explain the causes and effect of female beauty.

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart.

Jewelry throughout the East is invariably made of the purest gold and silver. The Oriental does not approve of alloy.

Infant terrible: "And did they go into the Ark two by two?" Mamma: "Yes, dearest." "Well, who went in with auntie?"

Men are generally nervous about their health, though they do not like to confess it. Make much of your husband while he is ill, but without worrying him about his own comfort.

Women are making great headway in Kansas. The Supreme Court of that State has just decided that a married woman need not take her husband's name unless she shall elect to do so.

"Well, Lettie," said a young cadet, "which do you prefer, the army or the navy?" "I—I prefer the army, George," replied the young girl, as he slipped his sleeve around her waist.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes; half fill them with water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

A mother's mission is the most important in life, she has the making or marring, the saving or ruining of the children committed to her care. A good mother is the greatest of blessings, and a bad mother is the worst of all evils.

His birthday party. Boy: "Ain't it time to eat the good things?" Mother: "Certainly not. You must wait until your friends come." Boy: "I fancy they won't come, 'cause I didn't invite them. I thought I'd rather have it entirely exclusive."

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

A Hartford woman nearly lost her life recently by jumping off a moving train backward. It seems strange that out of four million paragraphs printed every year warning people not to jump off moving trains backward, not one by any chance meets a woman's eye.

An ex-paymaster of the United States Navy lately lectured on the Chinese at a missionary service held in Mount Vernon, N. Y. The children, it is reported, were much interested in the statement that only the wealthy in China enjoy the luxury of dried rats and dog steaks.

"Never marry a widower," was the advice of a young matron to a friend. "But you married one!" "Why?" "It's bad enough to have to hear about your husband's mother's cooking, but to have his first wife's biscuits thrown in your face every morning is simply unbearable."

It is the opinion of a fashion paper that "the years of venison, pastry, custards and good wine may extenuate, if not excuse, a gentleman's weaknesses of his pedigree, but a man brought up on pork and beans who becomes infected with the family pride is a monster of folly."

A lady magistrate of former days, who was a terror to evil doers, was Lady Berkley. She was made Justice of the peace for Gloucestershire by Queen Mary, and was rather a formidable looking personage while acting in magisterial capacity, for she made it a practice to sit on the bench at assizes and sessions girt with a sword.

A gentleman once wrote to a lady whom he had offended by his dilatoriness, and who for a long time had refused to speak to him. His letter was earnest in supplications for forgiveness. It concluded with: "One word from your lips will make me happy. When and where will you speak it?" Her answer was: "Next Wednesday, at the altar." To which he sent the following reply: "I will be there!"

The domestic infelicities of the crowned heads of Europe is affording much food for gossip in these latter days. The cable reports say that Queen Natalie, of Servia, is on her way from Belgium to again take up her residence with her husband, King Milan, and that the Crown Princess Stephanie, of Austria, is fleeing to Belgium as a refuge from Prince Rudolph, who has been abusing her shamefully.

"Clara has returned my engagement ring," stated Charlie, "and all is over between us." "What kind of a ring is it?" asked experienced George: "a diamond?" "No; a cheap affair, only cost a couple of dollars." "Well, don't you give up the ship, old man; she'll be all right in a day or two. It is only when a girl lets go of a diamond ring that she really means business."

The Department of Manual Training at the High School in St. Paul contains 36 girls, who spend one and one-half hours a week in the workshop. Just at present they are learning how to use the ordinary hand-saw. Nearly all of the thirty-six are now able to saw a board square off quite as neatly and nearly as quickly as the average boy. The girls, after a short course in the practical work of the carpenter, such as sawing, driving nails, etc., will begin wood-carving and decorating.

Masculinities.

The Prince of Wales is 47 years old.

Who ever heard a blind man swear?

He that always complains is never pitied.

There is a flourishing anti-swallow-tail coat club in Chicago.

Justice is the key-note of the world, and all else is ever out of tune.

We never love heartily but once, and that is the first time we love.

Mankind are perpetually at variance by being all of one sect—viz., selfish.

Education is a good thing when it does not directly unfit a man for working for a living.

However dependent a man may be upon his wife, he likes to fancy that the decision arrived at is his own.

The woman with "the very best husband in the world," is always sure he might be a deal better if he only would.

A tailoring firm at Crawfordsville this State advertises that a marriage license will be given every young man who will buy his wedding suit of them.

"Beware," says a wise observer "of becoming a fluent talker. In a flood of words some character will always be washed away, your neighbor's or your own.

A Maine widower gave a man ten dollars to pay for lights and fuel while the widower was courting the man's daughter. She refused to marry him, and he is trying to recover the ten dollars.

A man may have genius and intellect and yet not be known beyond a select circle, but let him have money, and, even if he is a fool, the world knows him, honors him, and bows down to him.

The girls of the Pennsylvania coal region have taken the temperance question by the horns, as it were. They boycott every young man who does not wear a Father Mathew badge and live up to it.

The Duke of Richmond objects to parting with the annual income of $36,000 which he receives as inheritor of the pension bestowed upon his infamous ancestress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, by Charles II.

To cure warts take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

The man who can hang pictures under his wife's supervision for an hour and keep his temper does not want to be an angel. He is only ready, although he may not have a pair of large, dappling white wings behind his shoulder blades.

"Take a cigar with me, boys?" "Are they on a boy or a girl?" "Neither." "What's happened, then?" "Oh, I spent an evening at Simpson's, where they have both a boy and a girl, and I'm setting 'em up because I have neither."

Good men pay all the taxes of bad. Virtuous men pay the State bills of dissipated men. Patriotic men pay all the war bills of unpatriotic men. Citizens that stay at home pay the expenses of politicians that go ranketing about the country and do nothing but mischief.

"Here, my dear husband," said a loving wife, "I have brought you a dear little silver pig for luck. It's a charm you know, dear, to bring happiness to a house."—"Ah! how kind of you, darling! But why should I need a little pig to bring me luck, when I have you still?"

A young man at Tiffin, O., courted a young lady until 1 o'clock in the morning. When he started to go home he found the door fastened with wires so that he could not open it. When he tried to crawl out of a window he was arrested as a burglar, and had to be identified by the girl.

Young Mrs. Popinjay, at market for the first time. "Are you sure this chicken isn't an old hen. It feels very tough." Marketman. "I can assure you, ma'am, that fowl is very young." (Opening bill of the biped). "Dear—it hasn't a single tooth yet." Mrs. Popinjay takes the hen.

Similarly ambiguous are some of the speakers in the following incident. A peripatetic pedestrian said to a patient's wife: "Why don't you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind?"—"O doctor," replied the wife, "while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you."

If you drop your collar-button there is one sure method of finding it. After you have hauled the bureau across the room to look under it, then replaced the furniture and put on a pair of heavy shoes, start to walk across the room, and before you have taken three steps you will tread on the collar-button and smash it to pieces.

"You say, Mr. Smith," said the girl in a low, thoughtful, this-is-a-serious-matter sort of tone, "that you have loved me for five years and have never dared to tell me so until to-night?" "Yes," he replied. "Well, I cannot be your wife. A man who has no more courage than that would feign to be asleep while a burglar stole his baby's shoes."

The first Napoleon ate very fast, and rose the moment he had done without troubling himself as to whether those who were admitted to his table had had time to dine. It has also been asserted that he took the greatest precaution against poison; this, too, is a pure falsehood. He spoke in a loud voice, and when he was in a merry mood, his peals of laughter could be heard from afar. He was fond of singing, although he had a bad voice, and never could sing an air in tune.

Lawyer—"Would you believe the sworn testimony of this man?" "Witness—"No, sir."—Lawyer—"And why not?" Witness—"That man hates to tell the truth. He always did. We were boys together and he used to cry when the teacher made him say 'two and two are four.'" Lawyer—"Anything else?" Witness—"Plenty times. He was sick and described the symptoms so that the doctor prescribed for a lame ankle when the trouble was neuralgia in the head." Lawyer—"That will do."

Recent Book Issues.

"Millennial Dawn, the Plan of the Ages," is a helping volume for Bible students. Its main idea is to show the events now transpiring about us are directly traceable to Divine design. It is nicely printed and arranged. Published by Tower Publishing Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

A work which scholars will find more valuable and entertaining than the general reader, is a very full and complete biography of "Richard Lepsius," the great German Egyptologist, by George Ebers, the famous novelist, translated by Zoé Dana Underhill. It is published by Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

One of the prettiest of the pre-holiday books yet issued is "Twelve Times One," a series of poems on children from one to twelve years of age, each set of poems accompanied by a splendid full-page picture, in water-colors, appropriate to the ition. The latter by the well known artist, Mary A. Lathbury. No heart that has a place for the little ones—and what heart has not?—can look at them or read the appointed poems without feeling the truest touch of sympathy with the book. Published by Worthington & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

All of F. Marion Crawford's novels are great, but his latest, "Marzio's Crucifix," can well put in claim to being his greatest. The scene is of late days in Rome. A Socialistic silver-artist, Marzio, conceives a violent hatred of his brother Paola, a priest. Through the mystically strange influence of a silver crucifix the former is making, his heart changes and all is well. A pleasant love story runs through the deeper colors of the tale. The plot is original and grandly treated. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.50.

WELSH PERIODICALS.

The Quiver for December begins a new volume, and appears enlarged and improved in typographical appearance without any increase in price. The frontispiece is a colored lithograph. The opening paper tells the story of "The Quiver's Waifs." The first chapter of a new serial, "Not all in Vain," is given. "Wealth as a Profession," "How God Preserved the New Testament," "The Bishop of Liverpool and His Good Work," "How to Keep our Youths," "Noteworthy Church Reports," "Promoting the Present and Future Welfare of Our Servants," "God's Care in Small Things," and "Angels' Wings and Voices," are all good articles. The fiction of the number and other features are particularly good. Cassell & Company, New York.

GLAD LIVES.—Few things are so conducive to a cheerful spirit as that habit of mind which takes delight in the common and ordinary things of life. The songs of birds and the fragrance of flowers, the bright sky and the fresh grass, the mirth of children, the interests of home, the society of friends, the day's vacation when a longer one is denied, the little gift where a costly one is impossible, the thousand little acts of kindness and courtesy, of charity and benevolence, that cost so little and mean so much—such things—and their name is Legion—may, if they are permitted, fill up the life with gladness and the heart with cheerfulness. But, when they are pushed aside as not worth attention, and every nerve is strained to the utmost after costly and far-off illusions, it is no wonder that the starved capacity for happiness should dwindle away, and that a gloomy discontent, born of hope long deferred, should drive the smile from the heart. M. S.

BEAUTY.—People's ideas of beauty differ so widely that what is all loveliness may be the positive reverse to another. Beauty is regulated by no arbitrary rules. Women cannot be too much upon their guard or too watchful and exacting in the choice of a lover. It is lunacy to suffer the affections to be taken captive by beauty, genius, or fascinating powers, before the reason is convinced of the soundness of principle, purity of faith, and integrity of mind of the future husband; for one must look beyond the days of courtship, beyond the card pleasures, beyond the day of days, the white gloves, and the orange blossoms all irradiated with the excitement of the wearer. The after-years cannot be sustained in happiness on good looks.

An Iroquois (Dak.) man has rigged up a prairie yacht, in which he is said recently to have traveled eighteen miles in an hour and a half. The yacht consists simply of an ordinary road wagon, to which sails and a steering apparatus have been attached.

Do It.

Reader, send your address to us and learn how to make a considerable sum of money pleasantly and honorably. Industrious people of both sexes, young or old, make $5 a day and upwards, and at the same time live at home with their families. Many are making several hundred dollars per month. The work is not hard to do, and no special ability is required. Great success awaits every worker. Capital not needed; we start you free. Every person who reads this who wishes rapidly to make a large sum of money, should write at once; a sure thing. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

There are in Paris some fifty or sixty genuine matrimonial agencies and many marriages are arranged by their aid.

Anatole desires to marry. He does not know a girl who will suit him; his friends cannot help him: the usages of Parisian life prevent him from making acquaintances among marriageable maidens.

He, therefore, goes to an agency and says, we will suppose, to the manager, "Monsieur, I am thirty-four years of age; I earn such and such a number of francs a month, but hope to get an increase next year. Can you find me a nice young wife, pretty, bright, and a musician?"

The matrimonial agent looks over his books, reflects, and replies—

"Monsieur, I think I can fix you. Lady, twenty-nine years of age, agreeable exterior, small house near Dijon, expectations so many thousand francs, daughter of a retired military man, excellent pianiste."

Anatole accepts at once, and two months later he is married and happy, and his innocent wife, who knows nothing about the intervention of the discreet agency, exclaims, in a moment of expansion—

"My Anatole, what a lucky idea that you stopped at Dijon on your way to Geneva! Had it not been for that we might never have met."

Now comes the question, how did the matrimonial agent know that this modest and honorable spinster was waiting for a husband on the outskirts of Dijon?

The answer is, because he has correspondents all over France, who send him information and exercise a sort of secret police on his account.

He also has under his command a whole army of secondary agents, who may be classified under seven headings, viz., scouts, entertainers having houses, permanent or temporary inquiry agents, travelers, followers, introducers, and conscious or unconscious intermediaries.

Travelers are agents sent to the provinces and especially to the seaside or to watering places on some special mission. Followers are volunteer agents who go to marriages and midday masses in Paris churches, remark young girls accompanied by their mothers, follow them to their homes, and by dint of patience discover who they are, what they are worth, and obtain the requisite information, which they sell to an agency.

Conscious intermediaries are financial agents, solicitors or notaries whose business enables them to collect information of a private kind.

The bride rarely knows that she has been won through the intermediary of an agency. It is only the very richly dowered who are aware of the existence of this complicated and mysterious machinery, and who are therefore tempted to see in every young man with whom they waltz a client of a matrimonial agency which is seeking to earn its usual commission of twelve per cent. on the dowry.

HOW THIEVES PICK UP POINTS.—Two gentlemen neighbors happening to sit next to each other on the street car on the morning trip to their offices, one remarked to the other that he should be bothered all day because he had left his watch under his pillow. Then they naturally fell into a conversation as to how they disposed of their valuables at night.

At the next street corner a man got off, went back to the house of the owner of the watch, whom he knew by sight and reputation, and represented himself to the lady of the house as a messenger from her husband, sent for his watch left under the pillow.

She, finding the valuable in the place, unsuspectingly handed it to the thief, who ran no risk whatever of detection, and deliberately walked away with his booty.

Another case was that of a lady, some years ago, who, while ascending on the elevator of one of our largest dry goods stores, suddenly discovered that she had left her silver portemonnaie at some counter. A cash boy was in the elevator going up to the top floor with them. "Send this boy to the desk for it," said the lady's friend. Thereupon the lady described the purse, its contents and its inscription. The boy left the goods he was carrying at their destination, received his return instruction and then went to the desk. He was just a moment or so too late.

"I have just given that purse to a woman who described it accurately," said the clerk. The owner of the purse should have bethought herself how many auditors she had in the elevator.

"HAVE you heard the news?" she queried as they stood waiting for the car. "No! Anything special?" "I should say so! Mrs. ——, of our street, is to have a new sealskin this winter!" "N—o!" "True as you live! Isn't that awful?" "Well, I should say it was, and I won't rest until I have my husband examine the county records and see if they have mortgaged their place. I must have something to take her down with the first day she wears it!"

APOSTLE, to countryman.—"I see you wear the blue ribbon, sir. You look upon rum as a curse, of course?" Countryman.—"No, there ain't no man in our township what kin drink more nor I kin. I took that blue ribbon for the second biggest hog at the country fair." Apostle.—"You ought to have taken the first prize, my friend."

Health, wealth, and happiness follow in the wake of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

To frostbites and bites of poisonous insects Salvation Oil gives immediate relief.

PERSONAL ABUSE.—What an amazingly large amount of personal abuse is practiced in this world of ours! Like the rank weeds of neglected fields, it springs into vigorous growth, choking the flowers of beauty, that otherwise might flourish in its stead.

It does not seem to be dependant upon any particular social soil for its enormous growth. It thrives in city, country, village, and parish with equal vigor. Every locality has its germs, in the evil, envious, undisciplined minds of certain individuals, who are ever ready to propagate this poisonous plant.

Once let it begin its shameless propagation in home or neighborhood, it branches out most alarmingly in every direction. It soon attains to the proportions of a forest, dense with poison. It is like the Indian fig, or famous Banyan tree: a whole forest may spring from a single tree; so may a countless amount of slander spring from a single evil word, dropped mischievously against a fellow-being, by some wicked-minded person.

It is almost sure to fall on soil peculiar fitted to the rapid germination of the slander-plant, and it goes on flourishing until it were almost impossible to "cut it down and cast it away."

If persons would but nip slander in the bud, much trouble and animosity might be spared. Or, if we would all form the commendable habit of devoting the time frequently given to retailing personal slander, to that of telling all the good we may know of persons, it would add greatly to our characters and win the approbation of our Father in Heaven.

"Believe not each aspersing word,
As most weak persons do,
But still believe that story false
Which ought not to be true."

A. H. GIBSON.

HERRINGS.—The total number captured in one season is placed at 1,400,000,000. But man, with all his cunning devices of capture, makes almost no impression on the herring shoals. It has been computed that cod and other fish will consume every year 29,400,000,000. Another factor in the figures of herring consumption is the number eaten by gannets, which has been estimated at 1,110,000,000 of individual herrings. Dogfish and the numerous other enemies of the "Clupeidæ" may be set down as consuming every year as many herrings as are taken by the fishermen of the United Kingdom, which brings out a total in this range of calculation of say 35,000,000,000 of these fish. What, it has more than once been asked, will be the [illegible] of herrings? It is not possible to [illegible] more, we fear, than guess at the area occupied; but if the spaces taken up by all the public parks of the kingdom were joined together and filled with herrings five deep, the area so obtained would not probably be so large as some of the Scottish shoals.

ONE Sunday as a certain minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day that you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. Why do you like when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat."

A HORSE at Lynn, Mass., is alleged to have got out of the box-stall in which he had been put and to have gone to the blacksmith shop, where his owner found him waiting his turn for a new shoe.

WANAMAKER'S.

In all the World no store so big as Wanamaker's; in all America no Dry Goods business so great. Having the best thing at the least price is what has done it.

Cords of pieces of plain solid-colors all wool suitings in all the going two-toned fancy weaves, and cloth-faced Goods that make up richly, or take a new richness from an added fancy stuff. Only a few of the medium-priced:

Fine Habit Cloth, 7 colors 50 in., 50c.
Herring-bone stripes; imported 10 colors, 50c.
French Serge, 10 colors, 50c.; finer, more colors, 55c.
Self-colored checks and Broken Plaid; each 12 colors, 65c.
French Ottoman (cloth-weight), and Ottoman Foule, each 14 colors, 75c.
French Foule serge, 85c. and 75c.
Imp. Serge, heavy weight, 54 in. of colors, 75c.
Cheviot Foule, weighty roughish; 75c.
Soleil Rayé; all the liked mixtures, 75c., 85c., $1
[illegible] des Dames [illegible] Dragonne Fabric [illegible]
[illegible] Hair, [illegible] $1 and $1.25.

Maybe you are not a judge of India Shawls. You are judge enough for Valleys at $20 or $100. Don't hurry, unless your mind is set on a particular one that might slip out while you are thinking.

Seal Skin Cloth 50 in. $5 to $15 a yd. Don't trust your eyes if you are an arm's length away.

All sorts of Furs up to $90. Odd forms are to [illegible]
[illegible], 75c. to $20; plain, $2.75 to $[illegible]
[illegible] $1 to $[illegible]
[illegible] $1 to $[illegible]
[illegible] $6.
[illegible] $[illegible]

Women's Under-Skirts: two sorts out of fifty, perhaps. Hand-knit and Woven Skirts; best Germantown wool, solid colors, fancy borders: $1.25 to $3.50 for the [illegible] [illegible]

If the Smyrna Rugs at makers' prices were considered things they would be cheap things. Prices do up it right.

[illegible] $.38.	Carpets—
[illegible] .75.	6x 9 ft., $14.00.
[illegible] 1.00.	7x11 ft., $23.00.
	9x12 ft., $34.00.

4x7 ft., $8.75.

30 per cent. below ordinary prices. School, hotel, or out of town inquiries can have full details for the asking.

[illegible] Opera and Tourist Glasses will give you a [illegible]
[illegible] $4 to $15.
[illegible]
[illegible]

If you want [illegible] or anything in the Store, our [illegible] buyers use taste and judgment in making a selection for you.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelphia.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease. It instantly relieves and soon cures

Rheumatism,	Neuralgia,
Coughs,	Colds,
Cold in the Head,	Sore Throat,
Asthma,	Bronchitis,
Pneumonia,	Sciatica,
Headache,	Inflammations,
Toothache,	Congestion.

Strong Testimony from Honorable George Starr as to the Power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatic Rheumatism.

NO. 3 VAN NESS PLACE, New York.

DR. RADWAY: With [illegible] I have worked wonders. For [illegible] I was confined to my bed, extending from the lumbar regions to [illegible] and, at times, in both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried also all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limb in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,

GEO. STARR.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

INTERNALLY, a [illegible] to a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

R. R. R. not only cures the patient seized with Malaria, but if people exposed to the Malarial poison will every morning take 20 or 30 drops of Ready Relief in water, and eat, say a cracker, before going out, they will prevent attacks.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

The Great Blood Purifier

For the cure of all chronic diseases, Chronic rheumatism, scrofulous complaints, etc., glandular swellings, [illegible] dry cough, [illegible] ing of the lungs, dyspepsia, water brash, white swellings, tumors, ulcers, hip disease, gout, dropsy, rickets, salt rheum, bronchitis, consumption, liver complaints, etc.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The wonderful cures effected by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] lung a [illegible] inflammation or irritation of the bladder, such as [illegible] or brick dust deposits or white sand, etc., establishing its character as A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY.

Sold by all druggists. One Dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drug.

PERFECT DICESTION

Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishment to the [illegible] for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE, 25 cents Per Box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent you

Humorous.

MUCH NICER.

She glanced at the ring on her finger—
A diamond which he had placed there—
The stone shone as true
As her fair eyes of blue,
And the gold was a match to her hair.
She smiled at the thought
Its radiance brought,
And, whispering sweetly and low:
"Oh, thank you, dear Fred,
'Tis lovely," she said;
"Much nicer than Tom gave, you know."
—U. N. NONE.

The Prince of Wails—A baby.

Hard thing to sharpen — The water's edge.

What ship is always laden with knowledge?—Scholarship.

What is higher and handsomer when the head is off?—A pillow.

Why is a tired man like an umbrella?—Because he's used up.

"I am at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silver.

Why is a married man like an electric light?—Because he frequently goes out of a night when he hadn't ought to.

"Art is long and time is fleeting," remarked the young portrait painter, as he introduced his watch to the pawnbroker.

What is the difference between a thief and a grasshopper?—Not much; for the first is a low "cuss" and the second is a locust.

"You say that you love me?" said the charming young lady to the duce. "I do," he replied. "Then why do you ask me to marry you."

A lover, writing to his sweetheart, says: "Delectable dear—You are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence, and molasses stand appalled."

The price of monkeys to go with organ grinders is higher than for years before. The attempt to work in dudes was a failure. They didn't know enough.

Wife, at breakfast: "I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What are the probabilities?" Husband, consulting his paper: "Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."

Not a very wild shot. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Edith, running into the house nearly out of breath, "there's going to be a marriage deception over to Mrs. Uppum's this evening."

A young French poet, about to read his first play to the managers of a court theatre, handed each of the gentlemen a clean pocket-handkerchief, saying: "Allow me, gentlemen; my play is a tragedy."

"Mother, Charlie is the most disagreeable fellow I ever knew." "Then why do you encourage him to call two or three times a week?" "Well, I'm just curious to see how disagreeable he can make himself."

"When you get tired," said one young man to another, "do you ever lose command of words and ideas?" "No," said the other young man, "I can't say that I do; but I have felt that way sometimes when I got home very late at night."

"Mamma," said a young lady just home from school, and gazing upon Alexander Harrison's "Open Sea," "is this an oil painting or a water color?" "Ah!" answered her mother, with a look of surprise and chagrin. "It's a water color. Don't you see the water?"

"Do you find your evangelical labors pleasant?" was asked of a Dakota minister. "Not altogether so at times," was the reply. "For instance, last Sunday a newly-converted member of the church, who sits near the door, threatened to fill me full of holes if I didn't speak louder."

Lady visitor: "I am very sorry to see you here, my young friend. You appear to have had a good education." Convict: "Well, madam, I have been through college." Lady visitor: "Is it possible?" Convict: "Yes; that's the reason I'm here. They caught me as I was going through."

Elderly gentleman, to little boy who is buying taffy: "My young friend, don't you think that, instead of spending all the pennies you get, it would be better to put some away for a rainy day?" Little boy: "Oh, no! What's the good of money on a rainy day? Ma never lets me stir out of the old house."

Featherly: "I don't think much of your friend Robinson, Dumley." Dumley: "What's the matter with him?" "I read him an original poem last night of 24 verses, and he walked off without saying a word." "He is certainly a wonderful man." "How wonderful?" "In being able to walk off. If he were not a wonderful man he would have been carried off."

A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house and got considerably in debt absented himself and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him; hearing which the debtor declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her. "Will he?" said the lady; "will he? Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow on earth has such impudence!" "My dear," said the somewhat jealous husband, "pray do not be too rash; you do not know what a man may do when he is in a passion."

"Charles," said a sharp voiced woman to her husband, as they were traveling by railway, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway car? Don't you remember that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers, I don't believe we'd ever been married!" A young unmarried man sitting near by immediately took down his feet from a seat.

POINTS FOR HOUSE-HUNTERS.—An English paper gives some good points about selecting sites for houses:

If the ground is at all porous, a layer of concrete, not less than six inches thick, and composed of cement or lime and broken bricks and gravel, should be spread over the whole of the ground covered by the building. This will prevent the passage of ground air up through the floors. Air will travel through the ground for some distance, and, as it invariably becomes contaminated by taking up the carbonic acid gas in its passage, it is not suitable for inhaling.

The house acts as a sucker on the ground, and if, unfortunately, the site is one on "made" ground, that is, composed of all the refuse of a town, the ground air becomes the medium of disease. No house should be built without a well ventilated air space between the earth and the ground floor, especially if the layer of concrete on the surface is omitted.

The walls should be built of good hard burnt bricks, or non-porous stones, set in lime or cement mortar. Common under burnt bricks or porous stones hold moisture, which evaporates with a rise in the temperature and so chills the air in the house.

If the bricks or stones of the wall are suspected to hold moisture, the whole of the external surfaces should be covered with cement, or tiled or slated above. The foundations of the walls should rest on thick beds of concrete bedded in the earth and to prevent the ground damp rising up the walls a damp proof course of slates in cement or a bed of asphalt, should be laid in the full thickness or width of the wall just above the ground line.

Dryness is so essential to health that any building which in its floors, walls or roof sins by admitting moisture, should be rejected as a place of residence by those who value their health. In tropical climates buildings are constructed to keep out the heat, but here we build to retain the heat and keep out the cold.

"Did you enjoy the opera last night, John?" inquired his wife. "Not much," he answered; "I was lonesome, and was sorry I was detained at the office so late that I hadn't time to come for you. This going alone to the theatre is not what it is cracked up to be, my dear." "No, I suppose not," returned the lady thoughtfully; "still you must have been very comfortable," she added, "as the two ticket stubs I found in your vest pocket gave you the advantage of more than one seat."

A PAIL filled with fresh mortar fell from the top of the new Court House in Macon, Ga., and struck squarely on its bottom on the head of a colored workman who was standing on the ground. The bottom was split into pieces, and the pail and the mortar completely incased his face, so that he was in danger of smothering until relieved by a fellow workman.

At the late Medical Congress in Vienna all the doctors who spoke on the subject were in favor of cremation as a way of disposing of the dead.

HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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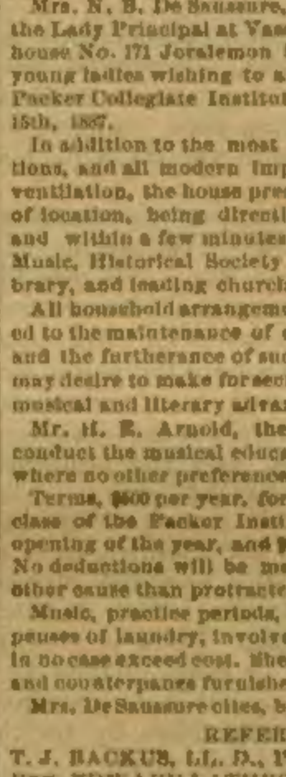
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It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.
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The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.
LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is refreshing and soothing to the skin, leaving it beautifully clear soft and smooth.
Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Feathers and trimmings are often classed together, but feathers are too important now to be overlooked, and, as in the other adjuncts of dress, their beauty of coloring asserts itself.

The plumes prepared for millinery are almost sufficient trimming for a bonnet. Coq and vulture are the two leading ideas next to the harmonious blending of tint which recalls sunshine glinting on a pigeon's breast, or a peacock strutting in the sun.

One special novelty among the rest is the chenille feather, composed of chenille and beads, and so good a rival to the real plume that milliners are employing it on their best class of bonnet.

The ribbons match the feathers in the hue of raven's and other wings. They are worn very wide as bonnet strings, often five inches; some of the chameleon colorings have the straight satin edge; pink and blue, pink and yellow blended together, gray and blue, and endless harmonies.

Some of the best ribbons combine stripes of tartan velvet, faille and watered silk; others are entirely watered, but in stripes the color combinations show the most originality.

One little novelty is so useful it is sure to be acceptable, viz., a narrow and not expensive ribbon, the one-half watered, the other a basket pleat, with picot edge, intended for tuckers; it is made in almost every coloring, and in black and white and some of the other tones is interthreaded with silver or gold. It keeps clean a long time, and is a firm and sensible edging to the neck and cuffs of different gowns.

Sash ribbons are unusually wide, and made with the firm satin edge, unless they are Indian silk, which has a large range of coloring.

Stamped leather belts, with mediæval designs, depicting hawking parties and similar scenes, are new; they have both buckles and clasps of gold, silver, and steel.

Jet dagger pins for bonnets have been brought out. The pocket handkerchiefs have borders to suit all tastes, some with club colors, some with nautical anchors, others with sporting horseshoes.

The dress trimmings are made to blend with all colors, and it is their beauty and their costliness which makes a fashionable woolen gown by no means a cheap purchase. The foundation is completely hidden with silver threads, blended sometimes with copper, sometimes with silver, or with any metalized tone.

A terra-cotta woolen gown, for example, is trimmed with a canvas worked all over with gold and terra-cotta iridescent thread, and a fine cloth of the hue of the gull's wing has an open applique of steel, the happiest combination possible.

We are realistic nowadays or we are nothing, and some of the season's buttons are faithful copies of tiny peaches and apples in their natural colorings, others represent unhewn pieces of stone; but the coin shape, with flowers in relief, is of more general application, or the shell pearl studded with steel.

Composition buttons are made to match not only the color of material, but the mixture of tones that prevail in them. The lozenge-shape is a favorite one for buttons, and fashionable fringes are being made of these same lozenges in silver.

There are two new ideas in Jerseys. The one is a beautifully warm and thick material, with beaver lining, well finished at the seams and well cut, having velvet collars and cuffs; the other is the usual stuff, but of unusual make, viz., with tiny tucks at the top and wrist of the sleeves, which are set into a band, the same tuckings forming a pointed yoke.

The present style of trimming woolen dresses brings the robes which are shown in boxes, with all the trimming complete, once more to the front. The quantities are no longer scanty, and good value is given for money expended.

There are two leading kinds, one braided with narrow braid, the other with fine cord, the braid always sewn on the edge, so that the other edge is at the top.

In the cord braidings the entire petticoat, front of bodice, collar and cuffs are covered with a vermicelli pattern; the braiding takes the form of panels only and bodice trimming the ground is a soft, well-twisted woolen fabric. Claret, brown, and sombre shades are the fashion.

In lieu of braidings some of the new gowns show brocaded patterns in silk on wool, and of Pompadour design.

The Scotch homespuns are the one special material which people who are living in the country are now choosing. Some have stripes, some line checks in marked contrast. They make up well. There is a great variety, and much that is new. No description will really convey what they are to the mind. Those who want them should send for patterns. Some of the new combinations are mignonette, brown and gray, reseda, and brown and sky-blue on a deep brown ground.

A new fabric hails from Paris, viz., a very soft camel's hair in large checks, with upstanding hairs on the surface of the lines a good half-inch long. The material is always in mixed coloring.

The leading idea in silks is the revival of the real old-fashioned moire, which is now received back warmly into favor, but which in old days had a trick of wearing so long, and went so completely out of fashion, and became so vulgarized, that the one desire was to get rid of it as soon and as effectually as possible. If people had but laid them by!

The old secret of making is lost for the present; though they go by the name of domestic moires, they are made abroad, and lack some of the merits of the old article; they are to be bought in a long range of light colors for evening wear, and in more substantial tones for every day use.

The Perkins have come back again, but they are, of course, of far more recent date; the term means stripes of satin and watered silk. The process of watering used some years ago rotted the silk, and it soon wore out.

This is not the case with the new Pekin moires; the stripes are the so-called English watering, and the satin stripes have a picot edge, as though a ribbon had been laid on the ground; they really make handsome gowns.

For evening wear, a number of people will be unable to resist some altogether charming Pompadour silks, with cream or light grounds, having satin stripes and delightful little floral bouquets and floral stripes which we associate with the frail mistress of Louis XV.

A novelty in watered silks, as well as in the Pekin, is a coral watered pattern, which is the most distinguished fashion of the moment.

There are many tartan velvets used for petticoats and checks, intermixed with stripes and frise weaving. Ponit Desire is one of the best wearing plain silks, which makes up well with velvets and also plushes.

The best make of plushes are hardly to be distinguished from velvet, so soft are they and the pile so fine. It is possible nowadays to buy silk with confidence that it will not give at the seams, for this reason, that both weft and woof are the same, and that it is double tied in the weaving, whereas formerly there was far less silk in one than in the other, and the minimum pulled away from the maximum.

Some of the richest makes of silk and velvet are employed for mantles, such as Velours du Nord with Chevron stripes, and the peluche Astrakan, which is thick and handsome looking. There is a blue-black, "crow's eye" by name, which is a fashionable shade, and this in plain and fancy velvets is being made up for the many gay weddings on the tapis.

Gobelin plays a part in nearly every combination of tones; aspic-green and grison-gray should be remembered as new tints, crevette, ciel, lilac, steel, and reseda, are the leading colors for evening.

Evening gowns for young people are made much of the soi de Chine, which always brings to my mind well-whipped cream, made up, as it always is, in puffings intermixed liberally with lace. There are many varieties of such gowns made at fairly moderate prices, suited to the purses of young girls, as well as to their complexions.

For matrons, the black lace dinner gowns, interspersed with stripes of moire, commend themselves for their usefulness.

Some beautiful embroideries in gold and metal threads on net have been utilized for good silks, as narrow pleated panels for the skirt, the silk opening to show them.

Odds and Ends.

HOUSEHOLD WORK AND TRIFLES.

The "Literary Companion" will give pleasure to many who care to take cuttings from newspapers. It is a case intended to be hung by the fireside, with divisions for the days of the week, a large pair of scissors and a paper knife in front, while slipped into the base there is a book labelled "Extracts."

Another case, red or blue, to hang against the wall, bears the words, "Letters for the Post," and has ample room in the pocket for letters and newspapers; it has memorandum slates on both sides, and in the middle a dial telling the hours of postage.

There are a few new paper knives, one with a handle made of a small natural-pointed horn; another with a faithful model of a seal for handle.

The baskets which came out last Christmas under the name of a "gentleman's work basket," have now been enlarged upon, and produced in leather to resemble basket work. They are lined with red morocco, and are furnished with ink-bottles, paper knife, scissors, etc. Underneath a drawer comes out, which contains a blotting-pad, and when this is raised there is a store of paper and envelopes below. The basket, to the eye, looks no larger than that originally introduced, but seldom have writing necessaries been packed in a more compact form.

"Ye old stocking" is a new notion in purses. It has a crescent-shaped steel top, and is shaped like a stocking, worked in crochet in stripes of alternate red and blue silk. From time immemorial stockings have been used to hold money.

Photograph frames are always in request. The old brocades and tapestry have superceded plush, and now a cockle shell in several tones of artistic green has been turned to this purpose, and is decidedly ornamental as well as useful.

A drum in blue and silver is a good idea for an aneroid; and one of the cheapest presents, having an excellent appearance, is a clock and a pair of vases to match, in red or blue pottery, bordered with gold, presenting rough surface like mortar on a wall.

A new reticule is made in old brocade, set in gold braid, with repousse figures in old silver.

Another novelty in bags has much to commend it, viz., a long narrow leather bag for music, having a nickel fastening; it is portable, just long enough for the music, but capable of holding a pair of slippers, and other small odds and ends as well.

A good and substantial card box is made in repousse brass, with bezique, whist, and cribbage, plenty of cards and plenty of counters. This is a box which would last a long time; it could, when it requires it, be rubbed up with the same adjuncts as a door-knocker, not being lacquered. Lacquered goods only require being rubbed with a leather, and any other treatment simply ruins them. Nothing suffers so much from misplaced zeal as brass-work.

With two novelties, very different, the list closes, one a diminutive china scent-bottle, known as a pilgrim bottle, and a wicker-work couch, colored brown, covered with strips of neutral tinted velvet, and with stripe of tapestry, bordered with fringe. It would take up but little room, and is an ornamental piece of furniture as well.

Pretty rustic baskets for small growing plants or for cut flowers are made of the common Zulu or rush hats. The brim is turned up and fastened to the top of the crown in three or four places, at equal intervals, thus making three or four receptacles for the flowers or plants; the three-cornered shape is the prettiest, and the receptacles are large enough for good sized flower pots.

The handle is composed of white rope, the glossy kind used for clothes-lines; two or three strands of rope are loosely knotted or plaited together for the handle, which must be joined to the basket at the three places where the brim is sewn to the crown; all the strands are knotted together at the top, leaving pieces of rope from two to three inches long, which are unravelled to form tassels.

Similar tassels are made of the ends of rope where the handles are joined on. The handle must be of convenient length, standing from six to eight inches above the top of the basket.

THE LAW OF DEATH.—Out of every thousand men twenty of them die annually. The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renewed every thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather, as to the number of those who die in warm weather, is seven to four. The men able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants of a country.

The proportion between the deaths of women and those of men is 100 to 108. The probable duration of female lives is sixty; but after that period the calculation is more favorable to them than men. One-half of those who are born die before they attain the age of seven. More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys and plains.

A PORTION of the roof of an insane asylum was blown off the other day. Evidently unsound in the upper stories.

Confidential Correspondents.

MRS. W. L. I.—Address the Managers of the club you mention, in this city on the subject of the stock.

GUTTA VITÆ.—The best way to clean gold chains is simply by washing them with soap-and-water and a nail-brush.

SADIE A. F.—There is no particular literary market for poetry—especially by unknown writers. We cannot therefore comply with your request.

A.—You should restrain your "impulsive nature," and let the gentleman do the wooing. Nothing is more apt to make a man dislike a girl than to have her "throw herself at him," as the saying is.

PENNIE.—For the book in question, address either "Lippincott & Co." or "Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia Pa. By unavoidable accident a speedier answer to your inquiry has been delayed.

A.—There is one we believe in this State about which you might learn by addressing the Board of Public Charities, Harrisburg Pa. But have you made inquiries on the subject in your own locality?

O. S. A.—The "remedy for being bashful and tongue-tied in society" is to frequent society as much as possible, and store one's mind with useful knowledge, so as to have something to say when an opportunity for conversation occurs.

JESSIE H.—The reference is probably to the 1st or 2nd Book of Samuel in the Bible, X chap. Look it up in each book and compare what is written in your album. 2. We may have a story by that author some time in the near future.

M. S. L.—It is not likely that they can do anything. On the contrary, it is possible that their interference will make matters worse. Let the lovers alone, and if they really love each other they will find some way in which to make the course of true love run smooth again.

H. M. S.—In reply to your inquiry, we would state that, when a lady and gentleman are introduced to each other, it is the gentleman who is presented to the lady, not the lady to the gentleman. Her sex, whatever her station in life may be, entitles her to the honor of being considered the superior.

NERVOUS.—The average beat of a healthy person's heart is about sixty-five or seventy pulsations a minute. In some healthy persons it beats faster than that, and in some it beats slower. Perhaps you are one of the kind whose hearts beat fast. It would be advisable for you to consult a physician on the subject, so as to learn the real facts of the case.

J. S.—The Cid was the title given to a celebrated Spanish knight and hero of the eleventh century by five Moorish chieftains whom he vanquished in battle. Cid is an Arabic word which means lord. The Cid's family name was Don Rodrigo Layara, and he is regarded as the model of the heroic virtues of his age, and the flower of Spanish chivalry.

ROMANTIC.—Byron's "Maid of Athens," whom he so mournfully entreated to give him back his heart, had actual existence, under the name of Thersa or Theresa Macri. Twenty-four years after the song was written, an Englishman sought out the lady, and found a beggar woman without a vestige of beauty. She was married and had a large family; and her constant struggle was to find bread to keep herself and her children from starvation.

A. D. B.—You can be kind and polite to her, and treat her with the deference which is always due from a young man to an old lady. Your "own sense of what is right" may be altogether wrong on some subjects, and you should be willing to learn from others, and acquire those graces of manner which contribute so much to the agreeableness of social intercourse. The old lady's niece would probably be your best teacher as to these matters, and would doubtless find a way of making her instruction agreeable.

TELTON.—An application for a patent should be made in writing to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. The applicant must also send a written description, or picture, or model of the article he desires to have patented, and the manner of making and using it. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses. He must also take oath before any person authorized by law to register oaths that he does not believe that the same was ever before known or used. On the filing of such application, and the payment of $15, a patent will be issued, if the Commissioner shall consider the invention important.

J. W.—Are your thoughts about the young lady, and your affection for her, limited by space and time? Or do they in any way partake of the nature of space and time? If you were a thousand miles distant from her, would she not be just as near to your heart as though you were in the same room with her? It may be that your mind is so constituted that you can't understand such things, however plainly they may be put. If that is so, frankly own it to the young lady, and tell her that your thoughts never wander from her, and that all your affections are centred in her. She will like that kind of talk better than any metaphysics.

LENA H.—We cannot advise you to take so serious a step in the way you propose. Any kind of concealment in matters relating to marriage is always bad; however innocent in itself, it leads in the end to infinite complications. People will think that you are not married, and, if they suspect anything about your private life, put the worst interpretation upon your conduct. Or, if they find out that you really are a married woman, they will say you must have had some disgraceful reason for concealing the fact. It is not without wisdom that custom has made the ceremony of marriage as public as possible. Publicity protects the woman, it protects the children, it protects society, and it prevents bigamy and all kinds of other bad results. Besides, in this case you will be acting wrongly towards your employers. A little reflection will show you at once that they have good and sufficient reasons of their own for engaging none but unmarried women as assistants. We feel deeply for the unpleasant position in which you are placed, but we are compelled to dissuade you from taking a step which experience shows us to be always fraught with difficulty, and danger. The straightforward course, even from the point of view of policy alone, is invariably the safest and best one.

sturdy little podgy fellow, with a pair of wonderfully keen sparkling eyes and a mouth which was constantly stretched in a good-humored, if somewhat artificial, grin. His sole stock-in-trade seemed to consist of a small leather bag jealously locked and strapped, which emitted a metallic chink upon being placed on the stole flags of the hall.

"And 'ow are you, sir?" he asked wringing my hand with the utmost effusion. "And the missis, 'ow is she? And all the others—'ow's all their 'ealth?"

I intimated that we were all as well as could reasonably be expected; but Mr. Abrahams happened to catch a glimpse of Mrs. D'Odd in the distance, and at once plunged at her with another string of inquiries as to her health, delivered so volubly and with such an intense earnestness that I half expected to see him terminate his cross examination by feeling her pulse and demanding a sight of her tongue.

All this time his little eyes rolled round and round, shifting perpetually from the floor to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the walls, taking in apparently every article of furniture in a single comprehensive glance.

Having satisfied himself that neith er of us was in a pathological condition, Mr. Abrahams suffered me to lead him upstairs, where a repast had been laid out for him to which he did ample justice.

The mysterious little bag he carried along with him, and deposited it under his chair during the meal. It was not until the table had been cleared and we were left together that he broached the matter on which he had come down.

"I hunderstand," he remarked, puffing at a trichinopoly, "that you want my 'elp in duing up this 'ere 'ouse with a happarition."

I acknowledged the correctness of his surmise, while mentally wondering at those restless eyes of his, which still danced about the room as if he were making an inventory of the contents.

"And you won't find a better man for the job, though I says it as shouldn't," continued my companion. "Wot did I say to the gent wot spoke to me in the bar of the Lame Dog? 'Can you do it?' says he. 'Try me,' says I, 'me and my bag. Just try me.' I couldn't say fairer than that."

My respect for Jack Brocket's business capacities began to go up very considerably. He certainly seemed to have managed the matter wonderfully well.

"You don't mean to say that you carry ghosts about in bags!" I remarked, with diffidence.

Mr. Abrahams smiled a smile of superior knowledge.

"You wait," he said; "give me the right place and the right hour, with a little of the essence of Lucoptolycus"—here he produced a small bottle from his waistcoat-pocket—"and you won't find no ghost that I ain't up to. You'll see them yourself, and pick your own, and I can't say fairer than that."

As all Mr. Abraham's protestations of fairness were accompanied by a cunning leer and a wink from one or other of his wicked little eyes, the impression of candor was somewhat weakened.

"When are you going to do it?" I asked reverentially.

"Ten minutes to one in the morning," said Mr. Abrahams, with decision. "Some says midnight, but I says ten to one, when there ain't such a crowd, and you can pick your own ghost. And now," he continued, rising to his feet, "suppose you trot me around the premises, and let me see where you wants it; for there's some places as attracts 'em, and some as they won't hear of—not if there was no other place in the world."

Mr. Abrahams inspected our corridors and chambers with a most critical and observant eye, fingering the old tapestry with the air of a connoisseur, and remarking in an undertone that it would "match uncommon nice."

It was not until he reached the banqueting-hall, however, which I had myself picked out, that his admiration reached the pitch of enthusiasm.

"'Ere's the place!" he shouted, dancing, bag in hand, round the table on which my plate was lying, and looking not unlike some quaint little goblin himself. "'Ere's the place; we won't get nothin' to beat this! A fine room—noble, solid, none of your electro plate trash! That's the way as things ought to be done, sir. Plenty of room for 'em to glide here. Send up some brandy and the box of weeds; I'll sit here by the fire and do the preliminaries, which is more trouble than you'd think; for them ghosts carries on awful at times, before they finds out who they've got to deal with. If you was in the room they'd tear you to pieces as like as not. You leave me alone to tackle them, and at half-past twelve come in, and I lay they'll be quiet enough by then."

Mr. Abraham's request struck me as a reasonable one, so I left him with his feet upon the mantelpiece, and his chair in front of the fire, fortifying himself with stimulants against his refractory visitors. From the room beneath, in which I sat with Mrs. D'Odd, I could hear that after sitting for some time he rose up, and paced about the hall with impatient steps.

We then heard him try the lock of the door, and afterwards drag some heavy article of furniture in the direction of the window, on which, apparently, he mounted, for I heard the creaking of the rusty hinges as the diamond-paned casement folded backwards, and I knew it to be situated several feet above the little man's reach.

Mrs. D'Odd says that she could distinguish his voice speaking in low and rapid whispers after this, but that may have been her imagination. I confess that I began to feel more impressed than I had deemed it possible to be.

There was something awesome in the thought of the solitary mortal standing by the open window and summoning in from the gloom outside the spirits of the nether world. It was with a trepidation which I could hardly disguise from Matilda that I observed that the clock was pointing to half-past twelve, and that the time had come for me to share the vigil of my visitor.

He was sitting in his old position when I entered, and there were no signs of the mysterious movements which I had overheard, though his chubby face was flushed as with recent exertion.

"Are you succeeding all right?" I asked as I came in, putting on as careless an air as possible, but glancing involuntarily round the room to see if we were alone.

"Only your help is needed to complete the matter," said Mr. Abrahams, in a solemn voice. "You shall sit by me and partake of the essence of Lucoptolycus, which removes the scales from our earthly eyes. Whatever you may chance to see, speak not and make no movement, lest you break the spell."

His manner was subdued, and his usual cockney vulgarity had entirely disappeared.

I took the chair which he indicated, and awaited the result.

My companion cleared the rushes from the floor in our neighborhood, and, going down upon his hands and knees, described a half circle with chalk, which enclosed the fireplace and ourselves.

Round the edge of this half-circle he drew several hieroglyphics, not unlike the signs of the zodiac. He then stood up and uttered a long invocation, delivered so rapidly that it sounded like a single gigantic word in some uncouth guttural language.

Having finished this prayer, if prayer it was, he pulled out the small bottle which he had produced before, and poured a couple of teaspoonfuls of clear transparent fluid into a phial, which he handed to me with an intimation that I should drink it.

The liquid had a faintly sweet odor, not unlike the aroma of certain sorts of apples. I hesitated a moment before applying it to my lips, but an impatient gesture from my companion overcame my scruples, and I tossed it off.

The taste was not unpleasant; and, as it gave rise to no immediate effects, I leaned back in my chair and composed myself for what was to come. Mr. Abrahams seated himself beside me, and I felt that he was watching my face from time to time while repeating some more of the invocations in which he had indulged before.

A sense of delicious warmth and langour began gradually to steal over me, partly, perhaps, from the heat of the fire, and partly from some unexplained cause.

An uncontrollable impulse to sleep weighed down my eyelids, while at the same time, my brain worked actively, and a hundred beautiful and pleasing ideas flitted through it.

So utterly lethargic did I feel that, though I was aware that my companion put his hand over the region of my heart, as if to feel how it were beating, I did not attempt to prevent him, nor did I even ask him the reason of his action. Everything in the room appeared to be reeling slowly round in a drowsy dance, of which I was the centre.

The great elk's head at the far end wagged solemnly backwards and forwards, while the massive salvers on the tables performed cotillions with the claret cooler and the epergne. My head fell upon my breast from sheer heaviness, and I should have become unconscious had I not been recalled to myself by the opening of the door at the other end of the hall.

This door led on to the raised dais, which, as I have mentioned, the heads of the house used to reserve for their own use.

As it swung slowly back upon its hinges, I sat up in my chair, clutching at the arms, and staring with a horrified glare at the dark passage outside. Something was coming down it—something unformed and intangible, but still a something. Dim and shadowy, I saw it flit across the threshold, while a blast of ice-cold air swept down the room, which seemed to blow through me, chilling my very heart. I was aware of the mysterious presence, and then I heard it speak in a voice like the sighing of an east wind among pine-trees on the banks of a desolate sea.

It said: "I am the invisible nonentity. I have affinities and am subtle. I am electric, magnetic, and spiritualistic. I am the great ethereal sigh-heaver. I kill dogs. Mortal, will thou choose me?"

I was about to speak, but the words seemed to be choked in my throat; and, before I could get them out, the shadow flitted across the hall and vanished in the darkness at the other side, while a long-drawn melancholy sigh quivered through the apartment.

I turned my eyes towards the door once more, and beheld, to my astonishment, a very small old woman, who hobbled along the corridor and into the hall. She passed backwards and forwards several times, and then, crouching down at the very edge of the circle upon the floor, she disclosed a face the horrible malignity of which shall never be banished from my recollection.

Every foul passion appeared to have left its mark upon that hideous countenance.

"Ha! ha!" she screamed, holding out her wizened hands like the talons of an unclean bird. "You see what I am. I am the fiendish old woman. I wear snuff-colored silks. My curse descends on people. Sir Walter was partial to me. Shall I be thine, mortal?"

I endeavored to shake my head in horror; on which she aimed a blow at me with her crutch, and vanished with an eldritch scream.

By this time my eyes turned naturally towards the open door, and I was hardly surprised to see a man walk in of tall and noble stature.

His face was deadly pale, but was surmounted by a fringe of dark hair which fell in ringlets down his back. A short pointed beard covered his chin.

He was dressed in loose-fitting clothes, made apparently of yellow satin, and a large white ruff surrounded his neck. He paced across the room with slow and majestic strides.

Then turning, he addressed me in a sweet, exquisitely-modulated voice.

"I am the cavalier," he remarked. "I pierce and am pierced. Here is my rapier. I clink steel. This is a blood-stain over my heart. I can emit hollow groans. I am patronised by many old Conservatives families. I am the orignal manor-house apparition. I work alone, or in company with shrieking damsels."

He bent his head courteously, as though awaiting my reply, but the same choking sensation prevented me from speaking; and, with a deep bow, he disappeared.

He had hardly gone before a feeling of intense horror stole over me and I was aware of the presence of a ghastly creature in the room of dim outlines and uncertain proportions.

One moment it seemed to pervade the entire apartment, while at another it would become invisible, but always leaving behind it a distinct consciousness of its presence.

Its voice, when it spoke, was quavering and gusty. It said, "I am the leaver of footsteps and the spiller of gouts of blood. Charles Dickens has alluded to me. I make strange and disagreeable noises. I snatch letters and place invisible hands on people's wrists. I am cheerful. I burst into peals of hideous laughter. Shall I do one now?"

I raised my hand in a deprecating way, but too late to prevent one discordant outbreak which echoed through the room. Before I could lower it the apparition was gone.

I turned my head towards the door in time to see a man come hastily and stealthily into the chamber.

He was a sunburned powerfully-built fellow, with ear-rings in his ears and a Barcelona handkerchief tied loosely round his neck.

His head was bent upon his chest, and his whole aspect was that of one afflicted by intolerable remorse.

He paced rapidly backwards and forwards like a caged tiger, and I observed that a drawn knife glittered in one of his hands, while he grasped what appeared to be a piece of parchment in the other. His voice, when he spoke, was deep and sonorous.

He said, "I am a murderer. I am a ruffian. I crouch when I walk. I step noiselessly. I know something of the Spanish Main. I can do the lost treasure business. I have charts. Am able-bodied and a good walker. Capable of haunting a large park."

He looked towards me beseechingly, but before I could make a sign I was paralyzed by the horrible sight which appeared at the door.

It was a very tall man, if, indeed, it might be called a man, for the gaunt bones were protuding through the corroding flesh, and the features were of a leaden hue.

A winding-sheet was wrapped round the figure, and formed a hood over the head, from under the shadow of which two fiendish eyes, deepest in their grisly sockets, blazed and sparkled like red-hot coals. The lower jaw had fallen upon the breast, disclosing a withered shrivelled tongue and two lines of black and jagged fangs. I shuddered and drew back as this fearful apparition advanced to the edge of the circle.

"I am the American blood-curdler," it said, in a voice which seemed to come in a follow murmur from the earth beneath it.

"None other is genuine. I am the embodiment of Edgar Allan Poe. I am circumstantial and horrible. I am a low-caste spirit-subduing spectre. Observe my blood and my bones. I am grisly and nauseous. No depending on artificial aid. Work with grave-clothes, a coffin-lid, and galvanic battery. Turn hair white in a day."

The creature stretched out its fleshless arms to me as if in entreaty, but I shook my head; and it vanished, leaving a low sickening repulsive odor behind it. I sank back in my chair, so overcome by terror and disgust that I would have very willingly resigned myself to dispensing with a ghost altogether, could I have been sure that this was the last of the hideous procession.

A faint sound of trailing garments warned me that it was not so. I looked up, and beheld a white figure emerging from the corridor into the light.

As it stepped across the threshold I saw that it was that of a young and beautiful woman dressed in the fashion of a bygone day.

Her hands were clasped in front of her, and her pale proud face bore traces of passion and of suffering. She crossed the hall with a gentle sound, like the rustling of autumn leaves, and then, turning her lovely and unutterably sad eyes upon me, she said,

"I am the plaintive and sentimental, the beautiful and ill-used. I have been forsaken and betrayed. I shriek in the nighttime and glide down passages. My antecedents are highly respectable and generally aristocratic. My tastes are æsthetic. Old oak furniture like this would do, with a few more coats of mail and plenty of tapestry. Will you not take me?"

Her voice died away in a beautiful cadence as she concluded, and she held out her hands as if in supplication.

I am always sensitive to female influences. Besides, what would Jorrocks' ghost be to this? Could anything be in better taste?

Would I not be exposing myself to the chance of injuring my nervous system by interviews with such creatures as my last visitor, unless I decided at once?

She gave me a seraphic smile, as if she knew what was passing in my mind. That smile settled the matter.

"She will do!" I cried; "I choose this one;" and as, in my enthusiasm, I took a step towards her I passed over the magic circle which had girdled me round.

"Argentine, we have been robbed!"

I had an indistinct consciousness of these words being spoken, or rather, screamed, in my ear a great number of times without my being able to grasp their meaning. A violent throbbing in my head seemed to adapt itself to their rhythm, and I closed my eyes to the lullaby of "Robbed, robbed, robbed."

A vigorous shake caused me to open them again, however, and the sight of Mrs. D'Odd in the scantiest of costumes and most furious of tempers was sufficiently impressive to recall all my scattered thoughts, and make me realize that I was lying on my back on the floor, with my head among the ashes which had fallen from last night's fire, and a small glass phial in my hand.

I staggered to my feet, but felt so weak and giddy that I was compelled to fall back into a chair.

As my brain became clearer, stimulated by the exclamations of Matilda, I began gradually to recollect the events of the night. There was the door through which my supernatural visitors had filed. There was the circle of chalk with the hieroglyphics round the edge.

There was the cigar-box and brandy-bottle which had been honored by the attentions of Mr. Abrahams. But the seer himself—where was he? and what was this open window with a rope running out of it?

And where, O where, was the pride of Goresthorpe Grange, the glorious plate which was to have been the delectation of generations of D'Odds?

And why was Mrs. D. standing in the gray light of dawn, wringing her hands and repeating her monotonous refrain? It was only very gradually that my misty brain took these things in, and gained the connection between them.

Reader, I have never seen Mr. Abrahams since; I have never seen the plate stamped with the resuscitated family crest; hardest of all, I have never caught a glimpse of the melancholy spectre with the trailing garments, nor do I expect that I ever shall.

In fact my night's experiences have cured me of my mania for the supernatural, and quite reconciled me to inhabiting the humdrum nineteenth century edifice on the outskirts of London which Mrs. D. has long had in her mind's eye.

As to the explanation of all that occurred—that is a matter which is open to several surmises. That Mr. Abrahams, the ghost-hunter, was identical with Jemmy Wilson, alias the Nottingham crackster, is considered more than probable at Scotland Yard, and certainly the description of that remarkable burglar tallied very well with the appearance of my visitor.

The small bag which I have described was picked up in a neighboring field next day, and found to contain a choice assortment of jemmies and centrebits. Footmarks deeply imprinted in the mud on either side of the moat showed that an accomplice from below had received the sack of precious metals which had been let down through the open window.

No doubt the pair of scoundrels, while looking round for a job, had overheard Jack Brocket's indiscreet inquiries, and had promptly availed themselves of the tempting opening.

And now as to my less substantial visitors, and the curious grotesque vision which I had enjoyed—am I to lay it down to any real power over occult matters possessed by my Nottingham friend? For a long time I was doubtful upon the point, and eventually endeavored to solve it by consulting a well-known analyst and medical man, sending him the few drops of the so-called essence of Lucoptolycus which remained in my phial. I append the letter which I received from him, only too happy to have the opportunity of winding up my little narrative by the weighty words of a man of learning.

"Arundel Street.

"Dear Sir,—Your very singular case has interested me extremely. The bottle which you sent contained a strong solution of chloral, and the quantity which you describe yourself as having swallowed must have amounted to at least eighty grains of the pure hydrate. This would of course have reduced you to a partial state of insensibility, gradually going on to complete coma. In this semi-unconscious state of chloralism it is not unusual for circumstantial and bizarre visions to prevent themselves—more especially to individuals

unaccustomed to the use of the drug. You tell me in your note that your mind was saturated with ghostly literature, and that you had long taken a morbid interest in classifying and recalling the various forms in which apparitions have been seen. You must also remember that you were expecting to see something of that very nature, and that your nervous system was worked up to an unnatural state of tension. Under the circumstances, I think that, far from the sequel being an astonishing one, it would have been very surprising indeed to any one versed in narcotics had you not experienced some such effects.—I remain, dear sir, sincerely yours,

"T. E. STUBB, M. D.,

"Argentine D'Odd, Esq.
The Elms, Brixton."

Betty's Mistake.

BY ANNA KING.

MISS CAMPION was a little restless. She had dressed for dinner some time previously, and now moved backwards and forwards from her post of observation at the window to consult the little Swiss clock hanging over the writing-table—for her eyes were not so good as they had been.

There were few people living who were very dear to her, and, of these, she was expecting this evening the two whom she loved best in the world—her goddaughter and namesake, Betty Carew, and Colin Campion, her nephew.

She had a definite object in view in bringing these young people together. A few weeks before she had had an attack of bronchitis, and this illness had suggested to her the advisability of making her will. When she began to consider how she should divide her property between Betty and Colin, her heart seemed torn asunder.

She could not calmly contemplate her old lace and china, and all her favorite personal possessions going out of the family, for she wanted Betty to have them. Colin must, of course, have the little estate, but then, too, he must have the money to keep it up, for she did not wish Forde to be neglected after her death.

At length an idea occurred to her which, if carried out, would obviate all difficulties. Why should not Colin and Betty marry and share her fortune equally, without any troublesome division of it?

With this thought in her mind Miss Campion had invited them to Forde, and was now awaiting Betty's arrival with some nervousness.

Her nervousness increased when she had welcomed her god-daughter and brought her into the drawing-room—for it was necessary that she should make Betty understand how desirable a husband Colin would be, without raising any suspicions in her mind.

"You are very tired, dear," she said, hastening to pour out a cup of tea with trembling fingers. "I shall never become reconciled to trains—they are so noisy and dusty. It is a pity we are in such a hurry always nowadays. They managed better in the last century, when journeys were made in leisurely manner by coach."

"If we were eighteenth-century ladies, godmother, I should be at the rectory at this moment—for the journey from Devonshire would have been impossible by coach. So I am glad that we were not born a hundred years ago."

"If you put it in that way, dear, so am I. I hope this visit will be pleasanter than usual," she added nervously. "My nephew Colin is coming to-night; he is going to stay for some time."

"He is a doctor in London, isn't he? I have heard you speak of him."

"I dare say. He has bought a practice there," answered Miss Campion. "He is very clever in his profession, and so tender and kind! It is quite beautiful to see him with children. But he ought to marry; there is always a prejudice in favor of married doctors."

"You had better tell him," said Betty, with a little smile.

"I mean to do so; and I think he will be settled before long," said the old lady, nodding her head mysteriously.

"Oh, if he is already in love, he will not need your advice, godmother!"

"But he is not in love, my dear," replied Miss Campion hastily. "You must not think that Colin is a foolish, sentimental young man. Indeed, he is considered rather cold in society; and he is as proud as you are, Betty."

"Will he marry if he is not in love?" asked Betty, slightly raising her eyebrows.

"Oh, no, my dear, of course not!"

"Then you think he will obediently fall in love when you tell him that he ought to marry? He must have his emotions under admirable control!"

"He would not fall in love with any one," said Miss Campion, with only a vague understanding of Betty's sarcasm, "but he cannot fail to see what a sweet little girl I——"

"I see," interrupted Betty quietly—"you are saving him a great deal of unnecessary trouble in suggesting whom as well as when he should marry."

"Colin would not marry any girl whom he could not like and respect," said Miss Campion, a little anxiously.

"Oh, no! But he is not sentimental," suggested Betty. "The girl he marries will be a happy woman!"

"She will indeed," her godmother agreed. "I am so glad that you appreciate Colin."

Soon after Betty had left the drawing-room to dress for dinner, Doctor Campion arrived. When the first greetings were over, his aunt remarked tentatively:

"I have asked Betty Carew to stay with me while you are here, Colin. You don't know Betty?"

"No," said Colin.

"She is a very sweet girl," said Miss Campion nervously.

"Is she?"

"A very sweet girl. Do you know, Colin, I have thought lately that you ought to marry. Married doctors are always the most successful."

"And you think Miss Betty would make a good doctor's wife?" questioned Colin, suppressing a smile at his aunt's transparent plot.

"She is very dear to me, Colin; I should like Betty to be mistress here when I die," she returned wistfully.

Colin kissed her and said gently—

"I should like to please you in all things, aunt Betty; but I must reserve the right of choosing my own wife."

At dinner Colin sat opposite to Betty, and, as he watched her beautiful tender face, he was quite prepared to indorse his aunt's opinion of her goddaughter, though Betty was anything but kind to him.

"Don't you think Colin is very much like the painting of my grandfather in the drawing-room, Betty?" asked Miss Campion.

"Do you mean that very handsome soldier hanging between the windows?" asked Betty, regarding Colin critically. "Oh, no, godmother; I cannot see the faintest resemblance!"

Presently another appeal was made to Betty by the fond aunt.

"Do you know, dear, Colin was placed first in every examination that he went in for when he was walking the hospitals?"

"Really?" said Betty incredulously, raising to Colin the frankest, most innocent of eyes. "I thought clever people became doctors sometimes?"

For a moment Colin suspected that she was trying to snub him, but Miss Campion attributed Betty's rudeness to fatigue, and sent her off to bed very soon after dinner.

* * * * * *

During the next few days Betty found numberless opportunities of sighting Colin, but she was so gentle and affectionate to her godmother that he retained his opinion as to the sweetness of her character. He accepted her slights with so much good temper, and received his aunt's praises with such genuine amusement, that Betty was at last compelled to confess to herself that her estimate of him had been altogether wrong.

She felt that she could not respect him very much, for a man who would marry any girl for expediency's sake was not worthy of much honor; but she would be more polite to him, as his conduct would not in any way affect her.

Colin was very grateful for this change in her attitude towards him, and a friendship sprang up between them which on his side soon deepened into love. Of her feelings he could guess little. She was invariably sweet and frank; but the fear of losing her friendship by attempting to gain her love for some time prevented him from putting his fate into her hands.

On the last day of her visit, however, the longing of his heart overcame this fear, and he poured out all his soul to her, not noticing that her face was hardening at his words.

"Tell me, Betty! Give me one word of hope! Have I any chance?" he pleaded.

She turned towards him then, her face white and stern, her mouth wearing a bitter smile.

"How well you do it!" she said, in a hard voice.

"Do it? What do you mean?" he asked, his voice changing too. "Don't you understand? I love you, Betty!"

"Hush!" she interrupted harshly. "That is quite enough. No, I can give you no hope; you have no chance. Never speak to me of this again!"

And, rising from her garden-chair, Betty went into the house and up to her own room.

This was what it all meant, then! She was the "sweet girl" whom Miss Campion thought a suitable wife for Colin. She had been invited here in order that Colin might see if she would "do". How grateful she ought to feel!

Still, in spite of these thoughts, her heart sank strangely. She knew that she should have accepted his love—for her belief in his unworthiness, though it had destroyed her trust in him, had not been strong enough to kill her love. And now her life would be one long sorrow for that mistake.

Colin would never speak to her of his love again—had she not peremptorily forbidden him? He had gone away now to avoid her, and after to-morrow she would never see him again. But, at any rate, she would see him once more, and then—— Surely he would see that she was sorry for having misjudged him so!

But Colin remained at the Ladbrokes for the night, and had not returned to Forde yet when she left it the next morning for home.

Betty had been right when she assumed that Colin had gone away on the previous afternoon to avoid her. Her harsh rejection of his proposal had roused his anger, and he had felt too hurt to calmly bid her good-bye.

On his return to London, however, his anger grew less as time passed on, though his love for Betty did not diminish. As his thoughts dwelt on her so constantly, he began to seek for some reason for her unkindness; and the more he considered the matter, the more inexplicable did her conduct appear.

Her harshness and anger the day he proposed to her were so at variance with her character that he at last concluded that a misunderstanding must exist in her mind which he ought to explain away.

This idea led him to make a journey to Devonshire a few days later, though his hopes of winning Betty's love were small.

He walked over to the Rectory on the morning after his arrival, and was shown into the empty drawing-room by a neat maid-servant, who told him that Betty would be there in a few minutes, as she could be easily sent for to the church, whither she had gone to practice. Colin however decided to go himself, and had no difficulty in finding the sacred edifice, which was close at hand.

He seated himself just outside the door, struck by the beauty of the picture before him. The old church was cool and dim and still, the chancel alone glorified by the sunlight, which glinted through the colored windows, while the whole building was filled with the long plaintive notes of the organ.

Colin sat down near the door and waited patiently till Betty should come. He heard her dismiss the little boy with a kind word of thanks for his services—saw her shut and lock the organ; and then he waited in almost trembling expectancy while she came slowly down the centre aisle.

"Betty!" he said softly, rising as he spoke.

"Doctor Campion!"

"You are surprised to see me here," he said gently, walking out by her side.

The sun shone down hotly on her as she leaned against the stonework of the doorway, revealing to Colin how pale and thin she had become, and how sad were her eyes and lips.

"You have been ill!" he said, looking down at her anxiously.

"Oh, no; I am perfectly well—unusually well indeed!" she answered hastily, nervously fingering the flowers in her belt.

"You are surprised to see me here, seeing how we parted," he said, watching her intently. "We did not even say good-bye."

"Have you come to wish me good-bye now?" she asked, trying to smile.

"No; I have come to ask you why you were so angry that afternoon. You treated my proposal as if I had intended it as an insult; you spoke to me as if I were acting a part! I don't think I quite deserved it, Betty—do you?"

"I—it was a mistake," she faltered. "I thought you were acting; I did not believe in your love. I—I am very sorry."

"Betty," he said, taking her hands gently in his, "if you had believed in my love, would your answer have been different?"

"I—I think it might have been."

"Dear, do you believe in it now? Can you trust me now?"

"Yes!" she said, looking up at him for the first time.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There is in an interior Massachusetts town much frequented by health seekers a hotel, the landlord of which is something of an autocrat, judging by these sample rules: "Do not ask servants to do anything you can do for yourself. Go elsewhere if you are not suited here, as there are others wanting your room. Any disagreement between guests will be settled by the request of both to leave."

The new Maine law forbidding children less than twelve years of age to work in the mills, and requiring that all between the ages of twelve and fifteen shall have at least sixteen weeks' schooling each year, has increased the attendance at the schools remarkably. It has also increased the age of small children remarkably, as the mill superintendents find when they take the ages of operatives.

An Ohio detective has in his possession several three-cent pieces which have been tampered with and passed as ten-cent pieces. The modus operandi of making seven cents on each piece is to place a dime on each side of the three-cent piece, and by squeezing them in a vise, slightly flatten the three-cent piece and leave a dim outline of the dime on either side. The coin, after the defacement, very much resembles a ten-cent piece which has seen considerable service.

The latest "fad" of a wealthy young man of Larchmont, reports a Boston paper, is hunting sparrows with trained falcons. He has half a dozen falcons and travels around with them in a bottle-green hunting suit. The falcons, when liberated, swoop down on the innumerable sparrows of the vicinity with great voracity. The presence of the destroyers has driven nearly all the birds from the neighborhood, and the local huntsmen complain that there is nothing to shoot now but sparrows.

A story with a moral.—At Gardner, Tennessee, John Barbee and Jeff McLean bet $150 on the result of the Prohibition election. The money was deposited in the safe of a groceryman. Last Monday, McLean, who won the bet, called for his money, but found that Barbee had given orders that it should not be paid over. McLean then put the case in the hands of a lawyer, who made a formal demand for the money, and, the groceryman being absent, his clerk gave it up, taking McLean's bond for the amount. Barbee thereupon swore out an attachment and had the store closed by the Sheriff. Several wholesale merchants sent agents to Gardner to look after their interests, and at last accounts the whole village was in an uproar over the affair.

The autocrat of all the Russians, who is absolute in all affairs of State, seems to have very limited power over some members of his family—that is, in the matter of taking physic. Two of his children in Denmark were suffering from measles, and they refused to take the remedies prescribed for them. They resisted all appeals and persuasions of the attendants, and when the great Czar himself was sent for, they declined to be talked into or scolded into taking the unpalatable stuff. Finding all efforts to subdue the stubborn children being of no avail, the Imperial parent turned to the nurse and said: "I can do no more; and yet just think that millions of subjects obey me, while these striplings set me at defiance." This is the story which is gravely telegraphed from the Danish capital.

A hay festival was held recently in Goldman, Ark. The stores were nicely decorated in garlands of hay, wagons were wrapped in the same, while hay sashes and hat bands were the chief articles of regalia worn by the citizens. The procession was plain, but nevertheless imposing, and when the hay king, seated on his throne, with attendants, drawn by three yoke of cattle to a hay-bedecked wagon, passed through the streets, a mighty shout of 500 voices made the welkin ring. Following his majesty was the hay queen, beautifully attired in a hay-colored dress, a perfect picture of beauty and grace, with her maids of honor. Then came young ladies on horseback, buggies, horsemen, and pedestrians, and triumphantly in the rear was the Grand Prairie band, composed of boys, tin pails, bells, etc.

The King's head was first used as one of the hall marks on English silver in 1784. The story is that George III. having attended a dinner at Goldsmith's Hall, was greatly impressed with the rich display of plate used on that occasion. His Majesty was in need of money, it being just after the close of the American war, and the idea was suggested that silver plate was a good article for taxation. Soon after the Duty Act was passed, which imposed a tax of sixpence per ounce on all silver made in England, and also enacted that the additional stamp of the King's head or duty mark should be placed on all articles as an evidence that the duty had been paid. The sovereign's head is the fifth mark. Therefore, any piece of English silver with only four marks is certainly over a hundred years old. There are many fine specimens of the earlier period owned in this country.

AN English lockmaker claims to have perfected a door to be used in public buildings that will lessen the chances of accident in time of panic or real danger. It can be opened from the outside only by a key, but a slight pressure from within causes it to swing open outward.

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth, but comfortable log cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin Remedies will be found: "Log Cabin Sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy;" "Log Cabin Sealpine," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin Extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin Liver Pills;" "Log Cabin Rose Cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin Plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.